

M ' F I N G A L :

AN

E P I C P O E M,

I N F O U R C A N T O S,

BY JOHN TRUMBULL, ESQ.

..... Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.



P H I L A D E L P H I A :

F R O M T H E P R E S S O F M A T H E W C A R E Y,

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M · F I N G A L

C A N T O F I R S T.

T H E T O W N - M E E T I N G.

WHEN Yankees, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school;
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade;
The true war-dancé of Yankee reels,
And *manual exercise* of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,
And work, like christians undissembling,
Salvation out by fear and trembling;
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of chevy-chaces:
From Boston, in his best array,
Great squire M'Fingal took his way,
And, grac'd with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace
 To * Ossian's fam'd Fingalian race :
 For tho' their name some part may lack,
 Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac :
 Which great M'Pherson, with submission,
 We hope will add, the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the highlands
 Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands :
 Whence gain'd our squire two gifts by right,
 Rebellion and the second-sight.
 Of these the first, in ancient days,
 Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise ;
 'Gainst kings stood forth, and many a crown'd-head
 With terror of its might confounded,
 Till rose a king with potent charm
 His foes by goodness to disarm,
 Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite
 Strait fell in love with, at first sight ;
 Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions,
 Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions,
 And with the sound of potent metal,
 Bro't all their blust'ring swarms to settle ;
 Who rain'd his ministerial manna's,
 'Till loud Sedition sung hosannahs :
 The good lords-bishops and the kirk
 United in the public work :
 Rebellion, from the northern regions,
 With Bute and Mansfield, swore allegiance ;
 And all combin'd, to raze, as nuisance,
 Of church and state the constitutions ;
 Pull down the empire, on whose ruins
 They meant to edify their new ones ;
 Enslave th' Amer'can wildernesses,
 And tear the provinces to pieces.

* See Fingal, an ancient epic poem, published as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian bard, of the third century, by James M'Pherson.

For these our squire, among the valiant'st,
 Employ'd his time, and tools and talents,
 And in their cause, with manly zeal,
 Us'd his first virtue, to rebel ;
 And found this new rebellion pleasing
 As his old king-destroying treason.

Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,
 And Scottish gift of second sight.
 No ancient sybil, fam'd in rhyme,
 Saw deeper in the womb of time :
 No block in old Dodona's grove,
 Could ever more orac'lar prove.
 Nor only saw he all that was,
 But much that never came to pass ;
 Whereby all prophets far out went he,
 Tho' former days produc'd a plenty :
 For any man, with half an eye,
 What stands before him, may espy ;
 But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
 To see what is not to be seen.
 As in the days of ancient fame,
 Prophets and poets were the same,
 And all the praise that poets gain,
 Is for the fibs they frame and feign :
 So gain'd our squire his fame by seeing
 Such things as never would have being.
 Whence he for oracles was grown,
 The very tripod † of the town.
 Gazettes no sooner rose a lie in,
 But strait he fell to prophecying ;
 Made dreadful slaughter in his course,
 O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse ;
 Brought armies o'er, by sudden pressings,
 Of Hanoverians, Swifs, and Hessians ;

† The tripod was a sacred three-legged stool, from which the ancient priests uttered their oracles.

Feasted with blood his desp'rate clan,
 And hang'd all rebels to a man ;
 Divided their estates and pelf,
 And took a goodly share himself.
 All this, with spirit energetic,
 He did by second-sight prophetic.

Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,
 Skill'd was our squire in making speeches,
 Where strength of brains united centres
 With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.
 But as some musquets so contrive it,
 As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
 And though well aim'd at duck or plover,
 Bear wide, and kick their owners over :
 So far'd our squire, whose reas'ning toil
 Would often on himself recoil,
 And so much injur'd more his side,
 The stronger arg'uments he apply'd :
 As old war-elephants, disfinay'd,
 Trode down the troops they came to aid,
 And hurt their own side more in battle,
 Than less and ordinary cattle.
 Yet at town-meeting, ev'ry chief
 Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's sleeve.
 And as he motion'd, all, by rote,
 Rais'd sympathetic hands to vote.

The town, our hero's scene of action,
 Had long been torn by feuds of faction,
 And as each party's strength prevails,
 It turn'd up diff'rent, heads or tails ;
 With constant rattling in a trice,
 Show'd various sides as oft as dice :
 As that fam'd weaver, wife t' Ulysses,
 By night each day's work pick'd in pieces,
 And though she stoutly did bestir her,
 Its finishing was ne'er the nearer :

So did this town, with steadfast zeal,
 Weave cob-webs for the public weal,
 Which, when completed, or before,
 A second vote in pieces tore.
 They met, made speeches full long-winded,
 Resolv'd, protested, and rescinded ;
 Addresses sign'd, then chose committees,
 To stop all drinking of bohea-teas ;
 With winds of doctrine veer'd about ;
 And turn'd all whig-committees out.
 Meanwhile our hero, as their head,
 In pomp the tory faction led,
 Still following as the squire should please,
 Successive on, like files of geese.

And now the town was summon'd greeting
 To grand parading of town-meeting ;
 A show, that strangers might appal,
 As Rome's grave senate did the Gaul.
 High o'er the rout, on pulpit stairs,
 Like den of thieves in house of pray'rs,
 (That house which, loth a rule to break,
 Serv'd heav'n but one day in the week ;
 Open the rest for all supplies
 Of news, and politics, and lies)
 Stood forth the constable, and bore
 His staff, like Merc'ry's wand of yore,
 Wav'd potent round, the peace to keep,
 As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.
 Above, and near th' hermetic staff,
 The moderator's upper half
 In grandeur o'er the cushion bow'd,
 Like sol half-seen behind a cloud.
 Beneath stood voters of all colours,
 Whigs, tories, orators, and bawlers,
 With ev'ry tongue in either faction,
 Prepar'd, like minute-men, for action ;
 Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,
 Drew all their legions out to fight :

With equal uproar scarcely rave
Opposing winds in Æolus' cave :
Such dialogues with earnest face,
Held never Balaam with his ass.

With daring zeal and courage blest,
Honorius first the croud address'd,
When now our squire, returning late,
Arriv'd to aid the grand debate ;
With strange sour faces sat him down,
While thus the orator went on :

. . . . " For ages blest, thus Britain rose,
The terror of encircling foes ;
Her heroes rul'd the bloody plain ;
Her conqu'ring standard aw'd the main :
The diff'rent palms her triumphs grace,
Of arms, in war, of arts, in peace,
Unharrass'd by maternal care,
Each rising province flourish'd fair ;
Whose various wealth, with lib'ral hand,
By far o'erpaid the parent land.
But tho' so bright her sun might shine,
'Twas quickly hasting to decline,
With feeble rays, too weak t' assuage
The damps that chill the eve of age.
For states, like men, are doom'd as well,
Th' infirmities of age to feel ;
And from their diff'rent forms of empire,
Are seiz'd with ev'ry deep distemper.
Some states high fevers have made head in,
Which nought could cure but copious bleeding ;
While others have grown dull and dozy,
Or fix'd in helpless idiocy ;
Or turn'd demoniacs, to belabour
Each peaceful habitant and neighbour ;
Or, vex'd with hypocondriac fits,
Have broke their strength, and lost their wits.
" Thus now, while hoary years prevail,
Good mother Britain seem'd to fail :

Her back bent, crippled with the weight
 Of age, and debts, and cares of state :
 For debts she ow'd, and those so large,
 As twice her wealth could not discharge,
 And now 'twas thought, so high they'd grown,
 She'd break, and come upon the town ;
 Her arms, of nations once the dread,
 She scarce could lift above her head ;
 Her deafen'd ears ('twas all their hope)
 The final trump perhaps might ope,
 So long they'd been in stupid mood,
 Shut to the hearing of all good ;
 Grim death had put her in his scroll,
 Down on the execution roll :
 And Gallic crows, as she grew weaker,
 Began to whet their beaks to pick her.
 And now, her pow'rs decaying fast,
 Her grand climact'ric had she past,
 And, just like all old women else,
 Fell in the vapours much by spells.
 Strange whimsies on her fancy struck,
 And gave her brain a dismal thock ;
 Her mem'ry fails, her judgment ends ;
 She quite forgot her nearest friends ;
 Lost all her former sense and knowledge,
 And fitted fast for Beth'lem college :
 Of all the pow'rs she once retain'd,
 Conceit and pride alone remain'd.
 As Eve, when falling, was so modest
 To fancy she should grow a goddess :
 As madmen, straw who long have slept on,
 Will stile them Jupiter or Neptune :
 So Britain, 'midst her airs so flighty,
 Now took a whim to be almighty,
 Urg'd on to desp'rate heights of frenzy,
 Affirm'd her own omnipotency ;
 Would rather ruin all her race,
 Than bate supremacy an ace :

Assum'd all rights divine, as grown
 The church's head, like good pope Joan;
 Swore all the world should bow and skip
 To her almighty goodyship;
 Anath'metiz'd each unbeliever,
 And vow'd to live and rule for ever.
 Her servants humour'd ev'ry whim,
 And own'd at once her pow'r supreme,
 Her follies pleas'd in all their stages,
 For sake of legacies and wages;
 In Stephen's chapel * then in state too
 Set up her golden calf to pray to.
 Proclaim'd its pow'r and right divine,
 And call'd for worship at its shrine,
 And for poor heretics to burn us,
 Bade North prepare his fiery furnace;
 Struck bargains with the Romish churches
 Infallibility to purchase;
 Set wide for popery the door,
 Made friends with Babel's scarlet whore;
 Join'd both the matrons firm in clan,
 No sisters made a better span.
 No wonder then, ere this was over,
 That she should make her children suffer.
 She first, without pretence of reason,
 Claim'd right whate'er we had to seize on;
 And with determin'd resolution,
 To put her claims in execution,
 Sent fire and sword, and call'd it lenity,
 Starv'd us, and christen'd it humanity.—
 For she, her case grown desperater,
 Mistook the plainest things in nature;
 Had lost all use of eyes or wits;
 Took slavery for the bill of rights;
 Trembled at whigs, and deem'd them foes,
 And stopp'd at loyalty her nose;

* The British parliament house.

Still'd her own children, brats and caitsiffs,
And knew us not from th' Indian natives.

"What tho' with supplicating pray'r,
We begg'd our lives and goods she'd spare;
Not vainer vows, with sillier call,
Elijah's prophets rais'd to Baal;
A worshipp'd stock, of god or goddess,
Had better heard and understood us.
So once Egyptians at the Nile
Ador'd their guardian Crocodile,
Who heard them first with kindest ear,
And ate them to reward their pray'r;
And could he talk, as kings can do,
Had made as gracious speeches too.

"Thus spite of pray'rs, her schemes pursuing,
She still went on to work our ruin;
Annull'd our charters of releases,
And tore our title-deeds in pieces;
Then sign'd her warrants of ejection,
And gallows rais'd to stretch our necks on:
And on these errands sent in rage,
Her bailiff and her hangman Gage;
And at his heels like dogs to bait us,
Dispatch'd her posse comitatus.

"No state e'er chose a fitter person,
To carry such a silly farce on.
As heathen gods in ancient days
Receiv'd at second-hand their praise,
Stood imag'd forth in stones and stocks,
And deify'd in barber's blocks;
So Gage was chose to represent
Th' omnipotence of parli'ment.
And as old heroes gain'd by shifts,
From gods (as poets tell) their gifts;
Our gen'ral, as his actions show,
Gain'd like assistance from below,
By satan grac'd with full supplies,
From all his magazine of lies.

Yet could his practice ne'er impart
The wit to tell a lie with art.

Those lies alone are formidable,
Where artful truth is mix'd with fable;
But Gage has bungled oft so vilely,
No soul would credit lies so silly,
Outwent all faith, and stretch'd beyond
Credulity's extremest end.

Whence plain it seems (tho' Satan once
O'erlook'd with scorn each brainless dunce,
And, blund'ring brutes in Eden shunning,
Chose out the serpent for his cunning)

Of late he is not half so nice,
Nor chooses aids because they're wise.

For had he stood upon perfection,
His present friends had lost th' election,
And far'd as hard in this proceeding,
As owls and asses did in Eden.

Yet fools are often dang'rous en'mies,
As meanest reptiles are most ven'mous;
Nor e'er could Gage by craft and prowess
Have done a whit more mischief to us:
Since he began th' unnatural war,
The work his masters sent him for.

" And are there in this freeborn land,
Among ourselves a venal band,
A dastard race who long have sold
Their souls and consciences for gold—
Who wish to stab their country's vitals,
Could they enjoy surviving titles—
With pride behold our mischiefs brewing,
Insult and triumph in our ruin?

Priests, who, if Satan should sit down
To make a bible of his own,
Would gladly, for the sake of mitres,
Turn his inspir'd and sacred writers;
Lawyers, who, should he wish to prove
His title t' his old seat above,
Would, if his cause he'd give 'em fees in,
Bring writs of "entry sur disseisin;"

Plead for him boldly at the session;
 And hope to put him in possession;
 Merchants, who, for his timely aid,
 Would make him partners in their trade,
 Hang out their signs in goodly show,
 Inscrib'd with "Belzebub and co."
 And judges, who would list his pages,
 For proper liveries and wages;
 And who as humbly cringe and bow
 To all his mortal servants now?
 There are: and Shame, with pointing gestures,
 Marks out th' addressers and protesters;
 Whom following down the stream of fate,
 Contempts ineffable await,
 And public infamy forlorn,
 Dread hate, and everlasting scorn."

As thus he spoke, our squire M'Fingal
 Gave to his partizans a signal;
 Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,
 When Moses wav'd his potent wand,
 Nor with more uproar, than the tories
 Set up a gen'ral rout in chorus;
 Laugh'd, hiss'd, hemm'd, murmur'd, groan'd and jeer'd;
 Honorius now could scarce be heard.
 Our muse, amid th' increasing roar,
 Could not distinguish one word more,
 Tho' she sat by, in firm record,
 To take in short-hand ev'ry word;
 As ancient muses wont, to whom
 Old bards for depositions come;
 Who must have writ 'em: for how else
 Could they each speech verbatim tell's?
 And tho' some readers of romances
 Are apt to strain their tortur'd fancies,
 And doubt, when lovers all alone
 Their sad soliloquies do groan,
 Grieve many a page with no one near 'em,
 And nought but rocks and groves to hear 'em,

What sprite infernal could have tattled,
 And told the authors all they prattled;
 Whence some weak minds have made objection
 That what they scribbled must be fiction:
 'Tis false; for while the lovers spoke,
 The muse was by with table book,
 And, lest some blunder might ensue,
 Echo stood clerk, and kept the cue.
 And tho' the speech be'n't worth a groat,
 It ne'er can be the author's fault,
 But error merely of the prater,
 Who should have talk'd to the purpose better:
 Which full excuse, my critic brothers,
 May help me out, as well as others;
 And 'tis design'd, tho' here it lurk,
 To serve as preface to this work.
 So let it be---for now our squire
 No longer could contain his ire;
 And rising, 'midst applauding tories,
 Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.

Quoth he, "'tis wondrous what strange stuff
 Your whigs' heads are compounded of;
 Which force of logic cannot pierce,
 Nor syllogistic carte and tierce,
 Nor weight of scripture or of reason
 Suffice to make the least impression.
 Not heeding what ye rais'd contest on,
 Ye prate, and beg or steal the question;
 And when your boasted arguings fail,
 Straight leave all reas'ning off, to rail.
 Have not our high-church clergy made it
 Appear from scriptures which ye credit,
 That right divine from heav'n was lent
 To kings, that is, the parliament,
 Their subjects to oppress and teaze,
 And serve the devil when they please?
 Did they not write, and pray, and preach,
 And torture all the parts of speech,

About rebellion make a pother,
 From one end of the land to th' other ?
 And yet gain'd fewer pros'lyte whigs,
 Than old * St. Anth'ny 'mongst the pigs ;
 And chang'd not half so many vicious,
 As Austin, when he preach'd to fishes ;
 Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,
 Were edified, and wagg'd their tails :
 But scarce you'd prove it, if you tried,
 That e'er one whig was edified.
 Have ye not heard from † parson Walter
 Much dire presage of many a halter ?
 What warnings had ye of your duty
 From our old rev'rend † Sam. Auchmuty ?
 From priests of all degrees and metres,
 To our sag-end man, parson Peters ?
 Have not our Cooper and our Seabury
 Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah ;
 Prov'd all intrigues to set you free
 Rebellion 'gainst " the pow'rs that be :"
 Brought over many a scripture text
 That us'd to wink at rebel sects,
 Coax'd wayward ones to favour regents ;
 Or paraphras'd them to obedience ;
 Prov'd ev'ry king, ev'n those confess
 Horns of th' apocalyptic beast,
 And sprouting from its noddles sev'n,
 Ordain'd, as bishops are, by heav'n ;
 (For reasons sim'lar, as we're told,
 That Tophet was ordain'd of old)
 By this lay-ordination valid
 Becomes all sanctified and hallow'd,

* The stories of St. Anthony and his pig, and St. Austin's preaching to fishes, are well known.

† High-church clergymen, one at Boston, the other at New-York.

Takes patent out when heav'n has sign'd it,
 And starts up straight, the Lord's anointed !
 Like extreme unction that can cleanse
 Each penitent from deadly sins,
 Make them run glib, when oil'd by priest,
 The heav'nly road, like wheels new greas'd,
 Serve them, like shoeball, for defences
 'Gainst wear and tear of consciences :
 So king's anointment cleans betimes,
 Like fuller's earth, all spots of crimes,
 For future knav'ries gives commissions,
 Like bigots sinning under licence.
 For heav'n ordain'd the origin,
 Divines declare, of pain and sin ;
 Prove such great good they both have done us,
 Kind mercy 'twas they came upon us :
 For without pain, and sin, and folly,
 Man ne'er were blest, or wise, or holy ;
 And we should thank the Lord 'tis so,
 As authors grave wrote long ago.
 Now heav'n its issues never brings,
 Without the means ; and these are kings ;
 And he who blames when they announce ills,
 Would counteract th' eternal counsels.
 As when the Jews, a murm'ring race,
 By constant grumbings fell from grace,
 Heav'n taught them first to know their distance,
 By famine, slav'ry, and Philistines.
 When these could no repentance bring,
 In wrath it sent them last a king :
 So nineteen, 'tis believ'd, in twenty
 Of modern kings for plagues are sent ye ;
 Nor can your cavillers pretend,
 But that they answer well their end.
 'Tis yours to yield to their command,
 As rods in providence's hand ;
 And if it means to send you pain,
 You turn your noses up in vain ;

Your only way's in peace to bear it,
 And make necessity a merit.
 Hence sure perdition must await
 The man who rises 'gainst the state,
 Who meets at once the damning sentence,
 Without one loophole for repentance ;
 E'en tho' he gain the royal fee,
 And rank among " the pow'rs that be."
 For hell is theirs, the scripture shows,
 Whoe'er " the pow'rs that be" oppose,
 And all those pow'rs (I'm clear that 'tis so)
 Are damn'd for ever, *ex officio*.

" Thus far our clergy : but 'tis true,
 We lack'd not earthly reas'ners too.
 Had I the poet's brazen lungs*,
 As sound-board to his hundred tongues,
 I could not half the scribblers mutter,
 That swarm'd round Rivington in cluster ;
 Assemblies, councilmen, forsooth ;
 Brush, Cooper, Wilkins, Chandler, Booth.
 Yet all their arguments and sap'ence,
 You did not value at three ha'pence.
 Did not our Massachusettensis†
 For your conviction strain his senses ?
 Scrawl ev'ry moment he could spare
 From cards, and barbers, and the fair ?
 Show, clear as sun in noon-day heav'ns,
 You did not feel a single grievance ?
 Demonstrate all your opposition
 Sprung from the § eggs of foul sedition ?
 Swear he had seen the nest she laid in,
 And knew how long she had been sitting :

* Virgil's *Æneid*, VI. line 625.

† A suite of essays was published under this signature.

§ " Committees of correspondence are the foulest and
 " most venomous serpents, that ever issued from the
 " eggs of sedition."—*Massachusettensis*.

Could tell exact what strength of heat is
 Requir'd to hatch her out committees?
 What shapes they take, and how much longer's
 The time before they grow t'a congress?
 New whitewash'd Hutchinson, and varnish'd
 Our Gage, who'd grown a little tarnish'd?
 Made 'em new masks, in time, no doubt,
 For Hutchinson's was quite worn out?
 And while he muddled all his head,
 You did not heed a word he said.
 Did not our grave † judge Sewall hit
 The summit of news-paper wit?
 Fill ev'ry leaf of ev'ry paper
 Of Mills, and Hicks, and mother Draper;
 Draw proclamations, works of toil,
 In true sublime of scarecrow stile;
 Write farces too 'gainst sons of freedom,
 All for your good, and none would read 'em;
 Denounce damnation on their frenzy,
 Who died in whig-impenitency;
 Affirm that heav'n would lend us aid,
 As all our tory-writers said,
 And calculate so well its kindness,
 He told the moment when it join'd us?"

" 'Twas then, belike," Honorius cried,
 " When you the public fast defied,
 Refus'd to heav'n to raise a pray'r,
 Because you'd no connexions there:
 And since with rev'rent hearts and faces
 To governors you'd made addreses,
 In them, who made you tories, seeing
 You liv'd and mov'd and had your being;

† Attorney-general of Massachusetts' Bay, a judge of admiralty, Gage's chief adviser and proclamation-maker, author of a farce, called the Americans rouzed, and of a great variety of essays on the ministerial side, in the Boston news-papers.

Your humble vows you would not breathe
To pow'rs you'd no acquaintance with."

"As for your fasts," replied our squire,
"What circumstance could fasts require?

We kept them not, but 'twas no crime;

We held them merely loss of time.

For what advantage firm and lasting,

Pray did you ever get by fasting?

And what the gains that can arise

From vows and off'rings to the skies?

Will heav'n reward with posts and fees,

Or send us tea, as consignees,

Give pensions, sal'ries, places, bribes,

Or choose us judges, clerks, or scribes?

Has it commissions in its gift,

Or cash, to serve us at a list?

Are acts of parliament there made,

To carry on the placeman's trade?

Or has it pass'd a single bill

To let us plunder whom we will?

And look our list of placemen all over,

Did heav'n appoint our chief judge, Oliver,

Fill that high bench with ignoramus,

Or has it councils by mandamus?

Who made that wit of * water-gruel,

A judge of admiralty, Sewall?

And were they not mere earthly struggles,

That rais'd up Murray, say, and Ruggles.

Did heav'n send down, our pains to medicine,

That old simplicity of Edson,

Or by election pick out from us,

That Marlfield blund'rer, Nat. Ray Thomas;

Or had it any hand in serving

A Loring, Pepp'rell, Browne, or Erving?

"Yet we've some saints, the very thing,

We'll pit against the best you'll bring.

* A proper emblem of his genius.

For can the strongest fancy paint,
 Than Hutchinson a greater saint?
 Was there a parson us'd to pray
 At times more reg'lar twice a day;
 As folks exact have dinners got,
 Whether they've appetites or not?
 Was there a zealot more alarming
 'Gainst public vice to hold forth sermon,
 Or fix'd at church, whose inward motion
 Roll'd up his eyes with more devotion?
 What puritan could ever pray
 In godlier tone than treas'rer Gray,
 Or at town meeting speechifying,
 Could utter more melodious whine,
 And shut his eyes, and vent his moan,
 Like owl afflicted in the sun?
 Who once sent home, his canting rival,
 Lord Dartmouth's self might out be-drivel."

"Have you forgot," Honorius cry'd,
 "How your prime saint the truth defy'd,
 Affirm'd he never wrote a line
 Your charter'd rights to undermine;
 When his own letters then were by,
 That prov'd his message all a lie?
 How many promises he seal'd,
 To get th' oppressive acts repeal'd,
 Yet, once arriv'd on England's shore,
 Set on the premier to pass more?
 But these are no defects, we grant,
 In a right royal tory saint,
 Whose godlike virtues must with ease,
 Atone such venial crimes as these.
 Or ye perhaps in scripture spy
 A new commandment, "Thou shalt lie;"
 And if 't be so, (as who can tell?)
 There's no one sure you keep so well."
 Quoth he, "for lies and promise-breaking,
 Ye need not be in such a taking;

For lying is, we know and teach,
 The highest privilege of speech,
 The universal magna charta,
 To which all human race is party,
 Whence children first, as David says,
 Lay claim to 't in their earliest days;
 The only stratagem in war
 Our gen'rals have occasion for;
 The only freedom of the press.
 Our politicians need in peace :
 And 'tis a shame you wish t' abridge us
 Of these our darling privileges.
 Thank heav'n, your shot have miss'd their aim,
 For lying is no sin or shame.
 As men last wills may change again,
 Though drawn in name of God, amen ;
 Befure they must have much the more,
 O'er promises as great a pow'r,
 Which, made in haste, with small inspection,
 So much the more will need correction :
 And when they've careless spoke or penn'd 'em,
 Have right to look 'em o'er and mend 'em ;
 Revise their vows, or change the text,
 By way of codicil annex'd ;
 Turn out a promise, that was base,
 And put a better in its place.
 So Gage of late agreed, you know,
 To let the Boston people go :
 Yet when he saw, 'gainst troops that brav'd him,
 They were the only guards that sav'd him,
 Kept off that satan of a Putnam,
 From breaking in, to maul and mutt'n him,
 He'd too much wit such leagues t' observe,
 And shut them in again to starve.
 So Moses writes, when female Jews
 Made oaths and vows unfit for use,
 Their parents then might set them free
 From that conscientious tyranny :

And shall men feel that spir'tual bondage
 For ever, when they grow beyond age,
 Nor have pow'r their own oaths to change ?
 I think the tale were very strange.
 Shall vows bind but the stout and strong,
 And let go women, weak and young,
 As nets enclose the larger crew,
 And let the smaller fry creep through ?
 Besides, the whigs have all been set on,
 The tories to affright and threaten,
 Till Gage, amidst his trembling fits,
 Has hardly kept him in his wits ;
 And tho' he speak with art and finesse,
 'Tis said beneath *dureſs per minas* :
 For we're in peril of our souls,
 From feathers, tar, and lib'rtty-poles ;
 And vows extorted are not binding
 In law ; and so not worth the minding.
 For we have, in this hurly-burly,
 Sent off our consciences on furlough,
 Thrown our religion o'er in form,
 Our ship to lighten in the storm.
 Nor need we blush your whigs before ;
 If we've no virtue, you've no more.

“ Yet, black with sins, would stain a mitre,
 Rail ye at crimes by ten tints whiter,
 And, stuff'd with choler atrabilious,
 Insult us here for peccadilloes ?
 While all your vices run so high,
 That mercy scarce could find supply :
 While, should you offer to repent,
 You'd need more fasting days than lent,
 More groans than haunted church yard vallies,
 And more confessions than broad-alleys.
 I'll show you all, at fitter time,
 Th' extent and greatness of your crime,
 And here demonstrate to your face,
 Your want of virtue, as of grace,

Evinc'd from topics old and recent :
 But thus much must suffice at present.
 To th' after portion of the day,
 I leave what more remains to say ;
 When I've good hope, you'll all appear,
 More fitted and prepar'd to hear,
 And griev'd for all your vile demeanor ;
 But now 'tis time t' adjourn to dinner."

C A N T O S E C O N D.

T H E T O W N - M E E T I N G , P . M .

THE sun, who never stops to dine,
 Two hours had pass'd the midway line,
 And, driving at his usual rate,
 Dash'd on his downward car of state :
 And now expir'd the short vacation,
 And dinner clos'd in epic fashion—
 While all the crew, beneath the trees,
 Ate pocket pies, or bread and cheese.
 Nor shall we, like old Homer, care,
 To verify their bill of fare :
 For now, each party, feasted well,
 Throng'd in, like sheep, at sound of bell,
 With equal spirit took their places,
 And meeting op'd with three O yesses :
 When first, the daring whigs t' oppose,
 Again the great M'Fingal rose,
 Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,
 And thus assum'd th' accusing strain :

“Ye whigs, attend ; and hear, affrighted,
 The crimes whereof ye stand indicted,
 The sins and follies past all compass,
 That prove you guilty, or non compos.
 I leave the verdict to your senses,
 And jury of your consciences ;
 Which, tho’ they’re neither good nor true,
 Must yet convict you and your crew.
 Ungrateful sons ! a factious band,
 That rise against your parent land !
 Ye viper’d race, that burst, in strife,
 The friendly womb, that gave you life,
 Tear with sharp fangs, and forked tongue,
 Th’ indulgent bowels whence you sprung ;
 And scorn the debt of obligation
 You justly owe the British nation,
 Which, since you cannot pay, your crew
 Affect to swear ’twas never due.
 Did not the deeds of England’s primate
 First drive your fathers to this climate,
 Whom jails, and fines, and ev’ry ill,
 Forc’d to their good against their will ?
 Ye owe to their obliging temper
 The peopling your new-fangled empire,
 While ev’ry British act and canon
 Stood forth your *causa sine qua non*.
 Did they not send you charters o’er,
 And give you lands you own’d before ?
 Permit you all to spill your blood,
 And drive out heathen where you could,
 On these mild terms, that, conquest won,
 The realm you gain’d should be their own ?
 Or when of late attack’d by those,
 Whom her connexion made your foes,
 Did they not then, distrest in war,
 Send gen’rals to your help from far,

Whose aid you own'd in terms less haughty,
 And thankfully o'erpaid your quota?
 Say, at what period did they grudge
 To send you governor or judge,
 With all their missionary crew,
 To teach you law and gospel too?
 Brought o'er all felons in the nation,
 To help you on in population;
 Propos'd their bishops to surrender,
 And made their priests a legal tender,
 Who only ask'd, in surplice clad,
 The simple tythe of all you had:
 And now, to keep all knaves in awe,
 Have sent their troops to establish law,
 And with gunpowder, fire, and ball,
 Reform your people one and all.
 Yet when their insolence and pride
 Have anger'd all the world beside—
 When fear and want at once invade,
 Can you refuse to lend them aid—
 And rather risk your heads in fight,
 Than gratefully throw in your mite?
 Can they for debts make satisfaction,
 Should they dispose their realm by auction,
 And sell off Britain's goods and land all
 To France and Spain by inch of candle?
 Shall good king George, with want oppress'd,
 Insert his name in bankrupt list,
 And shut up shop, like failing merchant,
 That fears the bailiff should make search in't?
 With poverty shall princes strive,
 And nobles lack whereon to live?
 Have they not rack'd their whole inventions,
 To feed their brats on posts and pensions,
 Made e'en Scotch friends with taxes groan,
 And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone;
 Yet have on hand, as well deserving,
 Ten thousand bastards left for starving?

And can you now, with conscience clear,
 Refuse them an asylum here ?
 Or not maintain, in manner fitting,
 These genuine sons of mother Britain ?
 T' evade these crimes of blackest grain,
 Ye prate of liberty in vain,
 And strive to hide your vile designs,
 With terms abstruse, like school divines.

“ Your boasted patriotism is scarce,
 And country's love is but a farce :
 And after all the proofs you bring,
 We, tories, know there's no such thing.
 Our English writers of great fame
 Prove public virtue but a name.
 Hath not Dalrymple show'd in print,
 And Johnson, too, there's nothing in 't ?
 Produc'd you demonstration ample,
 From others' and their own example,
 That self is still, in either faction,
 The only principle of action ;
 The loadstone, whose attracting tether
 Keeps the politic world together ?
 And, spite of all your double-dealing,
 We, tories, know 'tis so, by feeling.

“ Who heeds your babbling of transmitting
 Freedom to brats of your begetting—
 Or will proceed, as tho' there were a tie,
 Or obligation to posterity ?
 We get 'em, bear 'em breed and nurse ;
 What has poster'ty done for us,
 That we, lest they their rights should lose,
 Should trust our necks to gripe of noose ?

“ And who believes you will not run ?
 You're cowards ev'ry mother's son :
 And should you offer to deny,
 We've witnesses to prove it by :
 Attend th' opinion first, as referee,
 Of your old gen'ral, stout sir Jeffery,

Who swore, that with five thousand foot,
 He'd rout you all, and, in pursuit,
 Run thro' the land as easily,
 As camel thro' a needle's eye.
 Did not the valiant col'nel Grant
 Against your courage make his slant,
 Affirm your universal failure
 In ev'ry principle of valour,
 And swear no scamp'ers e'er could match you,
 So swift, a bullet scarce could catch you ?
 And will ye not confess in this,
 A judge most competent he is,
 Well skill'd on runnings to decide,
 As what himself has often tried ?
 'T would not, methinks, be labour lost,
 If you'd sit down, and count the cost ;
 And ere you call your Yankees out,
 First think what work you've set about.
 Have ye not rous'd, his force to try on,
 That grim old beast, the British lion ?
 And know you not, that at a sup
 He's large enough to eat you up ?
 Have you survey'd his jaws beneath,
 Drawn inventories of his teeth,
 Or have you weigh'd, in even balance,
 His strength and magnitude of talons ?
 His roar would turn your boasts to fear
 As easily as four small-beer,
 And make your feet, from dreadful fray,
 By native instinct run away.
 Britain, depend on't, will take on her,
 T' assert her dignity and honour,
 And ere she'd lose your share of pelf,
 Destroy your country and herself.
 For has not North declar'd, they fight,
 To gain substantial revenue by 't,—
 Deny'd he'd ever deign to treat,
 Till on your knees, and at his feet !

And feel you not a trifling ague,
 From Van's *delenda est Carthago*?
 For this now Britain has projected,
 Think you she has not means to effect it?
 Has she not set to work all engines
 To spirit up the native Indians,
 Send on your backs a savage band,
 With each a hatchet in his hand,
 T' amuse themselves with scalping knives,
 And butcher children and your wives;
 That she may boast again with vanity,
 Her English national humanity?
 (For now, in its primeval sense,
 'This term, human'ty, comprehends
 All things of which, on this side hell,
 The human mind is capable;
 And thus 'tis well by writers sage,
 Applied to Britain and to Gage).
 And on this work to raise allies,
 She sent her duplicate of Guys,
 To drive in diff'rent parts at once on,
 Her stout Guy Carl'ton and Guy Johnson;
 To each of whom, to sent again ye,
 Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny:
 Though the dun cow he fell'd in war,
 These killcows are his betters far.

" And has she not assayed her notes,
 To rouse your slaves to cut your throats,
 Sent o'er ambassadors with guineas,
 To bribe your blacks in Carolinas?
 And has not Gage, her missionary,
 Turn'd many an Afric slave t' a tory,
 And made th' Amer'can bishop's see grow
 By many a new-converted negro?
 As friends to government, did not he
 Their slaves at Boston late set free;
 Enlist them all in black parade,
 Set off with regimental red?

And were they not accounted then
 Among his very bravest men?
 And when such means she stoops to take,
 Think you she is not wide awake?
 As Eliphaz, good man in Job,
 Own'd num'rous allies thro' the globe;
 Had brought the * stones along the street
 To ratify a cov'nant meet,
 And ev'ry beast, from lice to lions,
 To join in leagues of strict alliance:
 Has she not cring'd, in spite of pride,
 For like assistance, far and wide?
 Was there a creature so despis'd,
 Whose aid she has not sought and priz'd?
 Till all this formidable league rose
 Of Indians, British troops and negroes:
 And can you break those triple bands,
 By all your workmanship, of hands?

"Sir," quoth Honorius, "we presume,
 You guess from past feats, what's to come;
 And from the mighty deeds of Gage,
 Foretell how fierce the war he'll wage.
 You, doubtless, recollected here
 The annals of his first great year:
 While, wearing out the Tories' patience,
 He spent his breath in proclamations;
 While all his mighty noise and vapour
 Was us'd in wrangling upon paper:
 And boasted military hits
 Clos'd in the straining of his wits:
 While troops in Boston commons plac'd;
 Laid nought but quires of paper waste:.

* The stones and all the elements with thee
 Shall ratify a strict confed'racy;
 Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
 And for a firm alliance with thee treat.

Blackmore's paraphrase of Job.

While strokes alternate stunn'd the nation,
 Protest, address, and proclamation:
 And speech met speech, fib clash'd with fib,
 And Gage still answer'd, squib for squib.

"Tho' this not all his time was lost on;
 He fortify'd the town of Boston;
 Built breastworks that might lend assistance
 To keep the patriots at a distance:
 (For howsoe'er the rogues might scoff,
 He lik'd them best, the farthest off)
 Of mighty use to prop and aid
 His courage when he felt afraid;
 And whence right off in manful station,
 He'd boldly pop his proclamation.
 Our hearts must in our bosoms freeze
 At such heroic deeds as these."

"Vain," quoth the squire, "you'll find to sneer
 At Gage's first triumphant year;
 For providence, dispos'd to teize us,
 Can use what instruments it pleases.
 To pay a tax, at Peter's wish,
 His chief cashier was once a fish:
 An ass, in Balaam's sad disaster,
 Turn'd orator, and sav'd his master:
 A goose, plac'd centry on his station,
 Preserv'd old Rome from desolation:
 An English bishop's cur† of late
 Disclos'd rebellions 'gainst th' state:
 So froys croak'd Pharaoh to repentance;
 And lice revers'd the threat'ning sentence:
 And heav'n can ruin you at pleasure,
 By our scorn'd Gage, as well as Cesar.
 Yet did our hero in these days
 Pick up some laurel wreaths of praise.
 And as the statuary of Seville
 Made his crackt saint an excellent devil;
 So tho' our war few triumphs brings,

† See bishop Atterbury's trial.

We gain'd great fame in other things.
 Did not our troops show much discerning
 And skill, your various arts in learning?
 Outwent they not each native noodle
 By far in playing Yankey-doodle?
 Which as 'twas your New-England tune,
 'Twas marvellous they took so soon:
 And ere the year was fully thro',
 Did not they learn to foot it too—
 And such a dance as ne'er was known,
 For twenty miles on end led down?
 Was there a Yankey trick ye knew,
 They did not play as well as you?
 Did they not lay their heads together.
 And gain your art to tar and feather,
 When col'nel Nesbitt thro' the town,
 In triumph bore the country-clown?
 Oh, what a glorious work to sing,
 The vet'ran troops of Britain's king
 Advent'ring for the heroic laurel,
 With bag of feathers and tar-barrel!
 To paint the cart where culprits ride,
 And Nesbitt marching at its side,
 Great executioner and proud,
 Like hangman high on Holbourn road;
 And o'er the bright triumphal car
 The waving ensigns of the war!
 As when a triumph Rome decreed,
 For great Calig'la's valiant deed,
 Who had subdued the British seas,
 By gath'ring cockles from their base;
 In pompous car the conqu'rer bore
 His captiv'd scollops from the shore;
 Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching,
 And mighty feats of oyster-catching:
 'Gainst Yankees thus the war begun,
 They tarr'd and triumph'd over one,
 And fought and boasted through the season,
 With might as great, and equal reason.

" Yet thus tho' fill'd in vict'ry's toils,
 They boast, not unexpert, in wiles,
 For gain'd they not an equal fame in
 The arts of secrecy and scheming?
 In stratagems show'd mighty force
 And moderniz'd the Trojan horse,
 Play'd o'er again those tricks Ulysses,
 In their fam'd Salem expedition?
 For as that horse, the poets tell ye,
 Bore Grecian armies in his belly;
 Till, their full reck'ning run, with joy
 Their Sinon midwif'd them in Troy.
 So in one ship was Leslie bold
 Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold,
 Equipp'd for enterprize and sail,
 Like Jonas stow'd in womb of whale.
 To Marblehead in depth of night,
 The cautious vessel wing'd her flight.
 And now the sabbath's silent day
 Call'd all your Yankees off to pray,
 Remov'd each prying, jealous neighbour,
 The scheme and vessel fell in labour:
 Forth from its hollow womb pour'd hastily
 The myrmidons of col'nel Leslie:
 Nor thicker o'er the blacken'd strand
 The * frogs' detachment rush'd to land,
 Equipp'd, by onset or surprise,
 To storm th' entrenchment of the mice.
 Thro' Salem straight without delay,
 The bold battalion took its way,
 March'd o'er a bridge, in open sight
 Of sev'ral Yankees, arm'd for fight,
 Then, without loss of time, or men,
 Veer'd round for Boston back again;
 And found so well their projects thrive,
 That ev'ry soul got home alive.

* See Homer's battle of the frogs and mice.

" Thus Gage's arms did fortune bless
 With triumph, safety, and success:
 But mercy is, without dispute,
 His first and darling attribute:
 So great it far outwent and conquer'd
 His military skill at Concord.
 There, when the war he chose to wage,
 Shone the benevolence of Gage:
 Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place
 On errands mere of special grace,
 And all the work he chose them for
 Was to † prevent a civil war:
 And for that purpose he projected
 The only certain way t' effect it,
 To take your powder, stores, and arms,
 And all your means of doing harms:
 As prudent folks take knives away,
 Lest children cut themselves at play.
 And yet tho' this was all his scheme,
 This war you still will charge on him;
 And tho' he oft has swore and said it,
 Stick close to facts, and give no credit.
 Think you, he wish'd you'd brave and beard him?
 Why 'twas the very thing that scar'd him.
 He'd rather you should all have run,
 Than staid to fire a single gun.
 And for the civil war you lament,
 Faith, you yourselves must take the blame in't.
 For had you then, as he intended,
 Giv'n up your arms, it must have ended.
 Since that's no war, each mortal knows,
 Where one side only gives the blows,
 And th' other bear 'em; on reflexion,
 The most you'll call it is correction;
 Nor could the contest have gone higher,
 If you had ne'er return'd the fire;

† See Gage's answer to governor Trumbull.

But when you shot, and not before,
 It then commenc'd a civil war.
 Else Gage, to end this controversy,
 Had but corrected you in mercy:
 Whom mother Britain, old and wise,
 Sent o'er the col'nies to chastise;
 Command obedience on their peril
 Of ministerial whip and ferule;
 And since they ne'er must come of age,
 Govern'd and tutor'd them by Gage.
 Still more, that this was all their errand,
 The army's conduct makes apparent.
 What tho' at Lexington you can say
 They kill'd a few they did not fancy,
 At Concord, then, with manful popping,
 Discharg'd a round, the ball to open;
 Yet when they saw, your rebel-rout
 Determin'd still to hold it out,
 Did they not show their love to peace,
 And wish, that discord straight might cease---
 Demonstrate, and by proofs uncommon,
 Their orders were, to injure no man?
 For did not ev'ry reg'lar run,
 As soon as e'er you fir'd a gun?
 Take the first shot you sent them greeting,
 As meant their signal for retreating---
 And fearful, if they staid for sport,
 You might by accident be hurt,
 Convey themselves with speed away
 Full twenty miles in half a day---
 Race till their legs were grown so weary,
 They'd scarce suffice their weight to carry?
 Whence Gage extols, from gen'ral hearfay,
 The great activ'ty § of lord Percy,

§ "Too much praise cannot be given to lord Percy,
 "for his remarkable activity through the whole day."
 Gage's account of the Lexington battle.

Whose brave example led them on,
 And spirited the troops to run;
 And now may boast, at royal levees,
 A Yankey chace worth forty Chevys.
 Yet you, as vile as they were kind,
 Pursued, like tigers, still behind;
 Fir'd on them at your will, and shut
 The town, as tho' you'd starve them out:
 And with parade prepost'rous † hedg'd,
 Affect to hold him there besieg'd;
 (Tho' Gage, whom proclamations call
 Your gov'rnor and vice-admiral,
 Whose pow'r gubernatorial still
 Extends as far as Bunker's hill—
 Whose admiralty reaches clever,
 Near half a mile up Mystic river,
 Whose naval force commands the seas,
 Can run away whene'er he please)
 Scar'd troops of tories into town,
 And burnt their hay and houses down,
 And menac'd Gage, unless he'd flee,
 To drive him headlong to the sea,
 As once, to faithless Jews a sign,
 The de'el, turn'd hog-reeve, did the swine.
 But now your triumphs are all o'er,
 For see, from Britain's angry shore,
 With mighty hosts of valour, join
 Her Howe, her Clinton, and Burgoyne.
 As comets thro' th' affrighted skies,
 Pour baleful ruin as they rise;
 As Ætna, with infernal roar,
 In conflagration sweeps the shore;

† “ And with a preposterous parade of military ar-
 rangement, they affect to hold the army besieged.”
 Gage's last grand proclamation.

Or as * Abijah White, when sent
 Our Marshfield friends to represent,
 Himself while dread array involves,
 Commissions, pistols, swords, resolves,
 In awful pomp descending down,
 Bore terror on the factious town :
 Not with less glory and affright,
 Parade these gen'als forth to fight.
 No more each reg'lar col'nel † runs
 From whizzing beetles, as air-guns,
 Thinks hornbugs bullets—or, thro' fears,
 Muskitoes takes for musqueteers ;
 Nor 'scapes, as though you'd gain'd allies
 From Belzebub's whole host of flies.
 No bug their warlike hearts appals,
 They better know the sound of balls.
 I hear the din of battle bray,
 The trump of horror marks its way.
 I see afar the sack of cities,
 The gallows strung with whig committees ;
 Your moderators tric'd like vermin,
 And gate-posts grac'd with heads of chairmen ;

* He was a representative of Marshfield, and employed to carry their famous town-resolves to Boston. He armed himself in as ridiculous military array, as another Hudibras, pretending he was afraid he should be robbed of them.

† The following may be depended upon as a fact. Some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival in Boston, walking on Beacon-hill, after sunset, were affrighted by noises in the air (supposed to be the flying of bugs and beetles) which they took to be the sound of bullets, and left the hill with great precipitation. Concerning which they wrote terrible accounts to England of their being shot at with air-guns ; as appears by one or two letters, extracts from which were published in the English papers.

Your gen'ral's for wave-off'rings hanging,
 And ladders throng'd with priests haranguing.
 What pill'ries glad the tories' eyes
 With patriot-ears for sacrifice!
 What whipping-posts your chosen race
 Admit successive in embrace,
 While each bears off his crimes, alack!
 Like Bunyan's pilgrim, on his back!
 Where then, when tories scarce get clear,
 Shall whigs and congresses appear?
 What rocks and mountains shall you call
 To wrap you over with their fall,
 And save your heads in these sad weathers,
 From fire and sword, and tar and feathers;
 For lo, with British troops tar-bright,
 Again our Nesbitt heaves in sight:
 He comes, he comes, your lines to storm,
 And rig your troops in uniform;
 To meet such heroes will ye brag,
 With fury arm'd, and feather-bag;
 Who wield their missile pitch and tar,
 With engines new in British war?

Lo, where our mighty navy brings
 Destruction on her canvas wings,
 While thro' the deeps her potent thunder
 Shall sound th' alarm to rob and plunder.
 As Phœbus first, (so Homer speaks,)

When he march'd out t' attack the Greeks,
 'Gainst mules sent forth his arrows fatal,
 And slew th' auxiliaries, their cattle;
 So where our ships shall stretch the keel,
 What conquer'd oxen shall they steal!
 What heroes, rising from the deep
 Invade your marshall'd hosts of sheep!
 Disperse whole troops of horse, and, pressing,
 Make cows surrender at discretion;
 Attack your hens, like Alexanders,
 And reg'ments rout of geese and ganders;

Or, where united arms combine,
 Lead captive many a herd of swine!
 Then rush in dreadful fury down
 To fire on ev'ry seaport town;
 Display their glory and their wits,
 Fright unarm'd children into fits,
 And stoutly from th' unequal fray,
 Make many a woman run away!
 And can ye doubt, whene'er we please,
 Our chiefs shall boast such deeds as these?
 Have we not chiefs transcending far
 The old fam'd thunderbolts of war—
 Beyond the brave romantic fighters,
 Stil'd 'swords of death,' by novel writers!
 Nor in romancing ages e'er rose
 So terrible a tier of heroes.
 From Gage, what flashes fright the waves!
 How loud a blunderbuss is Graves!
 How Newport dreads the blust'ring sallies,
 That thunder from our popgun, Wallace,
 While noise, in formidable strains,
 Spouts from his thimble-full of brains!
 I see you sink with aw'd surprise!
 I see our tory-brethren rise!
 And as the sect'ries Sandemanian,
 Our friends describe their wish'd Millennium;
 Tell how the world in ev'ry region
 At once shall own their true religion;
 For heav'n, with plagues of awful dread,
 Shall knock all heretics o' th' head;
 And then their church, the meek in spirit,
 The earth, as promis'd, shall inherit,
 From the dead wicked, as heirs male,
 And next remainder-men in tail:
 Such ruin shall the whigs oppress!
 Such spoils our tory friends shall bless!
 While confiscation, at command,
 Shall stalk in horror thro' the land,

Shall give your whig-estates away,
And call our brethren into play.

“ And can ye doubt or scruple more,
These things are near you at the door?
Behold ! for tho’ to reas’ning blind,
Signs of the times ye sure might mind,
And view impending fate as plain,
As ye’d foretell a show’r of rain.

“ Hath not heav’n warn’d you what must ensue,
And providence declar’d against you ;
Hung forth its dire portents of war,
By || signs and beacons in the air ;
Alarm’d old women all around,
By fearful noises under ground ;
While earth, for many dozen leagues,
Groan’d with her dismal load of whigs ?
Was there a meteor far and wide
But muster’d on the tory-side ?
A star, malign, that has not bent
Its aspects, for the parliament,
Foreboding your defeat and misery,
As once they fought against old Sisera ?
Was there a cloud that spread the skies,
But bore our armies of allies ?
While dreadful hosts of fire stood forth
Mid baleful glimm’rings from the North ;
Which plainly shews which part they join’d,
For North’s the minister, ye mind ;
Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes
On northern blasts have strain’d their wits ;
And think ye not the clouds know how,
To make the pun as well as you ?
Did there arise an apparition,

|| Such stories of prodigies were at that time industriously propagated by the tory party in various parts of New-England, to terrify and intimidate the superstitious.

But grin'd forth ruin to sedition?
 A death-watch, but has join'd our leagues,
 And click'd destruction to the whigs?
 Heard ye not when the wind was fair,
 At night, our or'tors in the air,
 That, loud as admiralty-libel,
 Read awful chapters from the bible,
 And death and devilry denounc'd,
 And told you, how you'd soon be trounc'd?
 I see, to join our conqu'ring side,
 Heav'n, earth, and hell, at once ally'd!
 See from your overthrow and end,
 The tories' paradise ascend;
 Like that new world that claims its station
 Beyond the final conflagration!
 I see the day, that lots your share
 In utter darkness and despair;
 The day of joy, when North our lord
 His faithful servants shall reward!
 No tory then shall set before him
 Small wish of squire, or justice quorum;
 But, 'fore his unmistaken eyes
 See lordships, posts, and pensions rise.
 Awake to gladness, then, ye tories,
 Th' unbounded prospect lies before us;
 The pow'r display'd in Gage's banners,
 Shall cut Amer'can lands to manors,
 And o'er our happy, conquer'd ground
 Dispense estates and titles round.
 Behold the world shall stare at new setts
 Of home-made * earls, in Massachusetts;
 Admire, array'd in ducal tassels,
 Your Ol'vers, Hutchinsons, and Vassals;
 See, join'd in ministerial work
 His grace of Albany and York!
 What lordships from each carv'd estate,

* See Hutchinson's and Oliver's letters,

On our New-York assembly wait !
 What titled † Jauncys, Gales and Billops ;
 Lord Brush, lord Wilkins, and lord Philips ;
 In wide-sleev'd pomp of godly guise,
 What solemn rows of bishops rise !
 Aloft a card'nal's hat is spread
 O'er punster ‡ Cooper's rev'rend head !
 In Vardell, that poetic zealot,
 I view a lawn-bedizen'd prelate !
 While mitres fall, as 'tis their duty,
 On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty !
 Knights, viscounts, barons shall ye meet,
 As thick as pavements in the street !
 Ev'n I, perhaps, heav'n speed my claim,
 Shall fix a fir before my name.
 For titles all our foreheads ache ;
 For what blest changes can they make !
 Place rev'rence, grace, and excellence
 Where neither claim'd the least pretence :
 Transform by patent's magic words
 Men, likest devils, into lords ;
 Whence commoners to peers translated
 Are justly said to be created !
 Now where commissioners ye saw,
 Shall boards of nobles deal you law !
 Long rob'd comptrollers judge your rights,
 And tide-waiters start up in knights !
 While whigs, subdu'd in slavish awe,
 Our wood shall hew, our water draw,
 And bless that mildness, when past hope,
 Which sav'd their necks from noose of rope.

† Members of the ministerial majority in the New-York assembly ; Wilkins, a noted writer.

‡ President Cooper, a notorious punster : Vardell, author of some poetical satires on the sons of liberty in New York, and royal professor of King's college ; Chandler and Auchmuty, high-church and Tory-writers of the clerical order.

For as to gain assistance, we
 Design their negroes to set free;
 For whigs, when we enough shall bang 'em,
 Perhaps 'tis better not to hang 'em;
 Except their chiefs; the vulgar knaves
 Will do more good preserv'd for slaves."

" 'Tis well," Honorius cried, " your scheme
 Has painted out a pretty dream.

We can't confute your second sight;
 We shall be slaves, and you a knight:
 These things must come: but I divine
 They'll come not in your day or mine.
 But oh, my friends, my brethren, hear,
 And turn, for once, th' attentive ear.
 Ye see how prompt to aid our woes,
 The tender mercies of our foes;
 Ye see with what unwearied rancour
 Still for our blood their minions hanker;
 Nor aught can fate their mad ambition,
 From us, but death, or (worse) submission.
 Shall these then riot in our spoil,
 Reap the glad harvest of our toil,
 Rise from their country's ruin proud,
 And roll their chariot wheels in blood?
 And can ye sleep, while high outspread
 Hangs desolation o'er your head?
 See Gage with inauspicious star
 Has op'd the gates of civil war;
 When streams of gore, from freemen stain,
 Encrimson'd Concord's fatal plain;
 Whose warning voice, with awful sound,
 Still cries, like Abel's, from the ground,
 And heav'n, attentive to its call,
 Shall doom the proud oppressor's fall.

" Rise; then, ere ruin swift surprise,
 To victory, to vengeance rise!
 Hark, how the distant din alarms!
 The echoing trumpet breathes, to arms;

From provinces remote, afar,
 The sons of glory rouse to war;
 'Tis Freedom calls; the enraptur'd sound
 The Apalachian hills rebound;
 The Georgian shores her voice shall hear,
 And start from lethargies of fear.
 From the parch'd zone, with glowing ray,
 Where pours the sun intenser day,
 To shores where icy waters roll,
 And tremble to the dusky pole,
 Inspir'd by Freedom's heav'nly charms,
 United nations wake to arms.
 The star of conquest lights their way,
 And guides their vengeance on their prey:
 Yes, tho' tyrannic foes oppose,
 Still shall they triumph o'er their foes,
 Till heav'n the happy land shall bless
 With safety, liberty, and peace.

" And ye, whose souls of dastard mould
 Start at the brav'ry of the bold—
 To love your country who pretend,
 Yet want all spirit to defend---
 Who feel your fancies so prolific,
 Engend'ring vision'd whims terrific,
 O'er-run with horrors of coercion,
 Fire, blood, and thunder in reversion---
 King's standards, pill'ries, confiscations,
 And Gage's scarecrow proclamations,
 With all the trumpery of fear---
 Hear bullets whizzing in your rear---
 Who scarce could rouse, if caught in fray,
 Presence of mind to run away---
 See nought but halters rise to view
 In all your dreams, (and dreams are true)
 And while these phantoms haunt your brains,
 Bow down your willing neck to chains;
 Heav'ns! are ye sons of fires so great,
 Immortal in the fields of fate,

Who brav'd all deaths by land or sea,
 Who bled, who conquer'd to be free!
 Hence! coward souls! the worst disgrace
 Of our forefathers' valiant race;
 Hie homeward from the glorious field;
 There turn the wheel, the distaff wield;
 Act what ye are, nor dare to stain
 The warrior's arms with touch profane:
 There beg your more heroic wives
 To guard your children and your lives;
 Beneath their aprons find a screen,
 Nor dare to mingle more with men."

As thus he said, the tories' anger
 Could now restrain itself no longer,
 Who tried before, by many a freak, or
 Insulting noise, to stop the speaker;
 Swung th' uncoil'd hinge of each pew-door;
 Their feet kept shuffling on the floor;
 Made their disapprobation known
 By many a murmur, hum, and groan,
 That to his speech supplied the place
 Of counterpart in thorough base:
 As bag-pipes, while the tune they breathe,
 Still drone and grumble underneath;
 Or as the fam'd Demosthenes
 Harangu'd the rumbling of the seas,
 Held forth with eloquence full grave
 To audience loud, of wind and wave,
 And had a stiller congregation
 Than tories are, to hear th' oration.
 But now the storm grew high and louder,
 As nearer thund'rings of a cloud are;
 And ev'ry soul, with heart and voice,
 Supplied his quota of the noise:
 Each list'ning ear was set on torture,
 Each tory bell'wing out, "to order;"
 And some with tongue not low or weak,
 Were clam'ring fast, for leave to speak:

The moderator, with great violence,
 The cushion thump'd with, "silence, silence."
 The constable to ev'ry prater
 Bawl'd out, "pray hear the moderator:"
 Some call'd the vote, and some in turn
 Were screaming high, "adjourn, adjourn:"
 Not chaos heard such jars and clashes,
 When all the el'ments fought for places.
 Each bludgeon soon for blows was tim'd;
 Each fist stood ready cock'd and prim'd;
 The storm each moment louder grew,
 His sword the great M'Fingal drew,
 Prepar'd in either chance to share,
 To keep the peace, or aid the war.
 Nor lack'd they each poetic being,
 Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing;
 Plum'd Victory stood perch'd on high,
 Upon the pulpit-canopy,
 To join, as is her custom try'd,
 Like Indians, on the strongest side;
 The Destinies with shears and distaff,
 Drew near, their threads of life to twist off;
 The Furies 'gan to feast on blows,
 And broken heads or bloody nose;
 When on a sudden from without
 Arose a loud terrific shout;
 And straight the people all at once heard
 Of tongues an universal concert;
 Like Æsop's times, as fable runs,
 When ev'ry creature talk'd at once,
 Or like the variegated gabble,
 That craz'd the carpenters of Babel.
 Each party soon forgot the quarrel,
 And let the other go on parole;
 Eager to know what fearful matter
 Had conjur'd up such general clatter;
 And left the church in thin array,
 As tho' it had been lecture-day.

Our squire M'Fingal straightway beekon'd
 The constable to stand his second,
 And sallied forth, with aspect fierce,
 The croud assembled to disperse.
 The moderator out of view
 Beneath a bench had lain perdue;
 Peep'd up his head to view the fray,
 Beheld the wranglers run away,
 And, left alone, with solemn face
 Adjourn'd them without time or place.

C A N T O T H I R D.

T H E L I B E R T Y - P O L E.

NOW, arm'd with ministerial ire,
 Fierce sallied forth our loyal squire,
 And on his striding steps attends
 His desp'rate clan of tory friends;
 When sudden met his angry eye
 A pole ascending to the sky,
 Which num'rous throngs, of whiggish race,
 Were raising in the market-place;
 Not higher school-boys' kites aspire,
 Or royal mast, or country spire,
 Like spears at Brobdingnagian tilting,
 Or Satan's walking staff in Milton;
 And on its top, the flag unfurl'd,
 Wav'd triumph o'er the prostrate world,
 Inscrib'd with inconsistent types
 Of liberty and thirteen stripes.

Beneath, the croud without delay,
 The dedication rites essay,
 And gladly pay, in ancient fashion,
 The ceremonies of libation;
 While briskly to each patriot lip
 Walks eager round th' inspiring flip:
 Delicious draught, whose pow'rs inherit
 The quintessence of public spirit!
 Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind
 To nobler politics refin'd,
 Or rous'd for martial controversy,
 As from transforming cups of Circe:
 Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,
 That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.
 At hand for new supplies in store,
 The tavern opes its friendly door,
 Whence to and fro the waiters run,
 Like bucket-men at fires in town.
 Then with three shouts that rend the sky,
 'Tis consecrate to liberty:

To guard it from th' attacks of tories,
 A grand committee cull'd of four is,
 Who, foremost on the patriot spot,
 Had bought the flip, and paid the shot.

But now M'Fingal with his train,
 Advanc'd upon th' adjacent plain,
 And fierce with loyal rage possess'd,
 Pour'd forth the zeal, that fir'd his breast.

"What madbrain'd rebel gave commission
 To raise this maypole of sedition?

Like Babel rear'd by bawling throngs,
 With like confusion, too, of tongues,
 To point at heav'n, and summon down
 The thunders of the British crown?

Say, will this paltry pole secure
 Your forfeit heads from Gage's pow'r?
 Attack'd by heroes, brave and crafty,

Is this to stand your ark of safety?
 Or, driv'n by Scottish laird or laddie,
 Think ye to rest beneath its shadow?
 When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,
 And balls move hissing thro' the sky,
 Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,
 Save, like the Jewish pole in Edom,
 Or, like the brazen snake of Moses,
 Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd noses?
 Ye dupes to ev'ry factious rogue,
 Or tavern-prating demagogue,
 Whose tongue but rings, with sound, more full,
 On th' empty drumhead of his skull,
 Behold you not, what noisy fools,
 Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?
 For liberty in your own by-sense,
 Is but for crimes a patent licence;
 To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
 And throw the world in common stock,—
 Reduce all grievances and ills
 To magna charta of your wills—
 Establish cheats, and frauds, and nonsense,
 Fram'd by the model of your conscience,—
 Cry justice down, as out of fashion
 And fix its scale of depreciation,—
 Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
 Enact new years of Jewish jubilee—
 Drive judges out, like Aaron's calves,
 By jurisdictions of white staves,
 And make the bar, and bench, and steeple,
 Submit t' our sov'reign lord, the people;
 Assure each knave his whole assets,
 By gen'ral amnesty of debts;
 By plunder rise to pow'r and glory,
 And brand all property as tory;
 Expose all wares to lawful seizures
 Of mobbers and monopolizers;
 Break heads, and windows, and the peace,

For your own int'rest and increase;
 Dispute, and pray, and fight, and groan,
 For public good, and mean your own;
 Prevent the laws, by fierce attacks,
 From quitting scores upon your backs—
 Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
 And seize the stocks, your ancient foe—
 And turn them as convenient engines,
 To wreak your patriotic vengeance—
 While all, your claims who understand,
 Confess they're in the owner's hand:
 And when by clamours and confusions,
 Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,
 Cry, Liberty, with pow'rful yearning,
 As he does, fire, whose house is burning,
 Tho' he already has much more,
 Than he can find occasion for.
 While ev'ry dunce, that plough'd the plains,
 Tho' bankrupt in estate and brains,
 By this new light transform'd to traitor,
 Forsakes his plough to turn dictator,
 Starts an haranguing chief of whigs,
 And drags you by the ears, like pigs,
 All bluster, arm'd with factious licence,
 Transform'd at once to politicians;
 Each leather-apron'd clown, grown wise,
 Presents his forward face t' advise;
 And tatter'd legislators meet
 From ev'ry workshop thro' the street;
 His goose the taylor finds new use in,
 To patch and turn the constitution;
 The blacksmith comes with sledge and grate,
 To iron-bind the wheels of state;
 The quack forbears his patient's soufe,
 To purge the council and the house:
 The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,
 To cast assembly-men at proxies,
 From dunghills deep, of sable hue,

Your dirtbred patriots spring to view,
 To wealth, and pow'r and pension rise,
 Like new-wing'd maggots chang'd to flies;
 And flutt'ring round in proud parade,
 Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.
 See * Arnold quits, for ways more certain,
 His bankrupt perj'ries for his fortune,
 Brews rum no longer in his store,
 Jockey and skipper now no more;
 Forsakes his warehouses and docks,
 And writs of slander for the pox;
 And purg'd by patriotism from shame,
 Grows gen'ral of the foremost name.
 For in this ferment of the stream,
 The dregs have work'd up to the brim,
 And by the rule of topsy-turveys,
 The scum stands swelling on the surface.
 You've caus'd your pyramid t' ascend,
 And set it on the little end;
 Like Hudibras, your empire's made,
 Whose crupper had o'ertopp'd his head;
 You've push'd and turn'd the whole world up-
 Side down, and got yourselves a-top:
 While all the great ones of your state,
 Are crush'd beneath the pop'lar weight;
 Nor can you boast, this present hour,
 The shadow of the form of pow'r.
 For what's your congress, or its end?
 A pow'r t' advise and recommend:

* Arnold's perjuries at the time of his pretended bankruptcy, which was the first rise of his fortune, and his curious lawsuit against a brother skipper, who had charged him with having the disease mentioned in the text, by his connexion with a certain African princess in the West-Indies, with its humorous issue, are matters not so well known, as the other circumstances of his public and private character.

To call for troops, adjust your quotas,
 And yet no soul is bound to notice;
 To pawn your faith to th' utmost limit,
 But cannot bind you to redeem it;
 And, when in want, no more in them lies
 Than begging of your state-assemblies;
 Can utter oracles of dread,
 Like friar Bacon's brazen head;
 But should a faction e'er dispute 'em,
 Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em.
 As though you chose supreme dictators,
 And put them under conservators;
 You've but pursued the self-same way,
 With Shakespear's Trinclo in the play:
 "You shall be viceroys here, 'tis true,
 But we'll be viceroys over you."
 What wild confusion hence must ensue,
 Tho' common danger yet cements you!
 So some wreck'd vessel, all in shatters,
 Is held up by surrounding waters;
 But, stranded, when the pressure ceases,
 Falls by its rottenness to pieces:
 And fall it must—if wars were ended,
 You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it:
 But creeping on with low intrigues,
 Like vermin of an hundred legs,
 'Twill find as short a life assign'd,
 As all things else of reptile kind.
 Your commonwealth's a common harlot,
 The property of ev'ry varlet,
 Which now in taste and full employ,
 All sorts admire, as all enjoy;
 But soon, a batter'd strumpet grown,
 You'll curse and drum her out of town.
 Such is the government you chose;
 For this you bade the world be foes;
 For this, so mark'd for dissolution,
 You scorn the British constitution.

That constitution form'd by sages,
 The wonder of all modern ages:
 Which owns no failure in reality,
 Except corruption and venality;
 And only proves the adage just,
 That best things spoil'd, corrupt to worst:
 So man supreme in mortal station,
 And mighty lord of this creation,
 When once his corse is dead as herring,
 Becomes the most offensive carrion,
 And sooner breeds the plague, 'ris found,
 Than all beasts rotting 'bove the ground.
 Yet for this gov'rment, to dismay us,
 You've call'd up anarchy from chaos,
 With all the followers of her school,
 Uproar, and rage, and wild misrule;
 For whom this rout of whigs distracted
 And ravings dire of ev'ry crack'd head,
 These new-cast legislative engines
 Of county musters, and conventions,
 Committees vile of correspondence,
 And mobs, whose tricks have almost undone's
 While reason fails to check your course,
 And loyalty's kick'd out of doors,
 And folly, like inviting landlord,
 Hoists on your poles her royal standard.
 While the king's friends, in doleful dumps,
 Have worn their courage to the stumps,
 And leaving George in sad disaster,
 Most sinfully deny'd their master.
 What furies rag'd, when you in sea,
 In shape of Indians, drown'd the tea,—
 When your gay sparks, fatigu'd to watch it,
 Assum'd the moggison and hatchet,
 With wampom'd blankets hid their faces,
 And, like their sweethearts, prim'd their faces:
 While not a red coat dar'd oppose.
 And scarce a tory show'd his nose;

While Hutchinson, for sure retreat,
 Manœuvred to his country seat,
 And thence affrighted in the suds,
 Stole off bareheaded thro' the woods!
 Have you not rous'd your mobs to join,
 And make mandamus-men resign,
 Call'd forth each duffil-dress'd curmudgeon,
 With dirty trowsers, and white bludgeon,
 Forc'd all our councils thro' the land;
 To yield their necks to your command;
 While paleness marks their late disgraces,
 Thro' all their rueful length of faces!
 Have you not cans'd as woful work,
 In loyal-city of New-York,
 When all the rabble, well cockaded,
 In triumph thro' the streets paraded;
 And mobb'd the tories, scar'd their spouses,
 And ransack'd all the custom houses;
 Made such a tumult, bluster, jarring,
 That, mid the clash of tempests warring,
 Smith's weathercock, with veers forlorn,
 Could hardly tell which way to turn;
 Burnt effigies of th' higher powers,
 Contriv'd in planetary hours,
 As witches with clay images,
 Destroy and torture whom they please:
 Till, fir'd with rage, th' ungrateful club,
 Spar'd not your best friend Belzebub,
 O'erlook'd his favours, and forgot
 The reverence due his cloven foot,
 And in the self-same furnace frying,
 Burn'd him, and North, and Bute, and Tryon?
 Did you not in as vile and shallow way,
 Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,
 Your congress when the daring ribald,
 Belied, berated, and bescribbled?
 What ropes and halters did you send,
 Terrific emblems of his end,

Till, lest he'd hang in more than effigy,
 Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?
 Now rising in progression fatal,
 Have you not ventur'd to give battle;
 When treason chac'd our heroes troubled,
 With rusty gun and leather doublet,
 Turn'd all stone-walls, and groves, and bushes,
 To batt'ries arm'd with blunderbusses,
 And with deep wounds that fate portend,
 Gall'd many a reg'lar's latter end,
 Drove them to Boston, as in jail,
 Confin'd without mainprize or bail.
 Were not these deeds enough betimes,
 To heap the measure of your crimes,
 But in this loyal town and dwelling,
 You raise these ensigns of rebellion?
 'Tis done: fair Mercy shuts her door,
 And Vengeance now shall sleep no more:
 Rise then, my friends, in terror rise,
 And wipe this scandal from the skies!
 You'll see their **Dagon**, tho' well jointed,
 Will sink before the Lord's anointed,
 And like old Jericho's proud wall,
 Before our ram's horns, prostrate fall."

This said, our squire yet undismay'd,
 Call'd forth the constable to aid;
 And bade him read in nearer station,
 The riot-act, and proclamation;
 Who now advancing tow'rd the ring,
 Began, "our sov'reign Lord the king;"
 When thousand clam'rous tongues he hears,
 And clubs and stones assail his ears;
 To fly was vain, to fight was idle,
 By foes encompass'd in the middle:
 In stratagem his aid he found,
 And fell right craftily to ground:
 Then crept to seek an hiding place,
 'Twas all he could, beneath a brace;

Where soon the conqu'ring crew espy'd him,
And, where he lurk'd, they caught and ty'd him:

At once with resolution fatal,
Both whigs and tories rush'd to battle:
Instead of weapons, either band
Seiz'd on such arms, as came to hand.
And as fam'd Ovid paints th' adventures
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,
Who, at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head,
And these arms failing in their scuffles,
Attack'd with andirons, tongs, and shovels,
So clubs and billets, staves and stones
Met fierce, encount'ring ev'ry scone,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains.
Each void receptacle for brains:
Their clamours rend the hills around,
And earth rebellows with the sound:
And many a groan increas'd the din
From broken nose and batter'd shin,
M'Fingal rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia sword;
Thrice cry'd ' king George,' as erst in distress,
Romancing heroes did their mistress,
And, brandishing the blade in air,
Struck terror through th' opposing war.
The whigs, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, shrunk behind.
With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce thro' their thickest throng he press'd,
(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like Red-sea waves in Israel's march)
And, like a meteor rushing through,
Struck on their pole a vengeful blow:
Around, the whigs, of clubs and stones,
Discharg'd whole vollies in platoons,
That o'er in whistling terror fly;
But not a foe dares venture nigh.

And now perhaps with conquest crown'd,
 Our squire had fell'd their pole to ground,
 Had not some pow'r, a whig at heart,
 Descended down and took their part;
 (Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars, or Iris,
 'Tis scarce worth while to make enquiries)
 Who, at the nick of time alarming,
 Assum'd the graver form of chairman;
 Address'd a whig, in ev'ry scene
 The stoutest wreatler on the green,
 And pointed where the spade was found,
 Late us'd to fix the pole in ground,
 And urg'd with equal arms and might
 To dare our squire to single fight.
 The whig, thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
 Advanc'd tremendous to the field;
 Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe,
 But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;
 While all the party gaz'd, suspended,
 To see the deadly combat ended.
 And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
 The sword against the brandish'd spade:
 He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,
 The sword flew up, and kick'd the beam.
 Our squire on tiptoe rising fair
 Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
 Which hung not—but, like dreadful engines,
 Descended on the foe in vengeance.
 But ah, in danger, with dishonour
 The sword, perfidious, fail'd its owner;
 That sword, which oft had stood its ground
 By huge trainbands encompass'd round,
 Or on the bench, with blade right royal,

* The learned reader will readily observe the allusions in this scene to the single combats of Paris and Menelaus, in Homer; Æneas and Turnus, in Virgil; and Michael and Satan, in Milton.

Had won the day at many a trial,
 Of stones and clubs had brav'd th' alarms,
 Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.
 The spade, so temper'd from the sledge,
 Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
 Now met it from his arm of might,
 Descending with steep force to smite:
 The blade inapp'd short, and from his hand
 With rust embrown'd the glitt'ring sand.
 Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
 And call'd for aid th' attendant crew;
 In vain. The tories all had run,
 When scarce the fight was well begun:
 Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd,
 Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.
 Amaz'd, he view'd the shameful sight,
 And saw no refuge but in flight;
 But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
 Tho' fear had wing'd his flying race;
 For not a trifling prize at stake,
 No less than great M'Fingal's back.
 With legs and arms he work'd his course,
 Like rider that outgoes his horse,
 And labour'd hard to get away, as
 Old Satan struggling on thro' choas †:
 Till, looking back, he spy'd in rear
 The spade-arm'd chief advanc'd too near.
 Then stopp'd, and seiz'd a stone that lay,
 An ancient land-mark near the way;
 Nor shall we, as old bards have done,
 Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton:
 But such a stone as at a shift,
 A modern might suffice to lift,
 Since men, to credit their enigmas,
 Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,
 And giants exil'd with their cronies,
 To Brobdingnags and Patagonias.

But while our hero turn'd him round,
 And stoop'd to raise it from the ground,
 The deadly spade discharg'd a blow
 Tremendous on his rear below :
 His bent knee fail'd, and, void of strength,
 Stretch'd on the ground his manly length ;
 Like ancient oak o'erturn'd, he lay,
 Or tow'r to tempests fall'n a prey,
 Or mountain sunk with all his pines,
 Or flow'r, the plough to dust consigns.
 And more things else, but all men know 'em,
 If slightly vers'd in epic poem.
 At once the crew at this sad crisis,
 Fall on, and bind him ere he rises,
 And with loud shouts and joyful soul
 Conduct him pris'ner to the pole.

When now the mob in lucky hour,
 Had got their en'mies in their pow'r,
 They first proceed by wise command,
 To take the constable in hand ;
 Then from the pole's sublimest top
 They speeded to let down the rope,
 At once its other end in haste bind,
 And make it fast unto his waistband,
 Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
 He hung self-balanc'd on his center.
 Then upwards all hands hoisting sail,
 They swung him like a keg of ale,
 Till to the pinnacle so fair,
 He rose like meteor in the air.
 As Socrates * of old first did,
 To aid philosophy, get hoisted,
 And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
 Swung in a basket in mid air :

* Socrates is represented in Aristophanes's comedy of the clouds, as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.

Our culprit thus in purer sky,
 With like advantage rais'd his eye;
 And looking forth in prospect wide,
 His tory errors clearly spy'd,
 And from his elevated station,
 With bawling voice began addressing:
 " Good gentlemen, and friends, and kin,
 For heav'n's sake hear, if not for mine !
 I here renounce the pope, the Turks,
 The king, the dev'l, and all their works ;
 And will, set me but once at ease,
 Turn whig or christian, what you please ;
 And always mind your laws as justly :
 Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
 I'll never join with British rage,
 Nor help lord North, or gen'ral Gage,
 Nor lift my gun in future fights,
 Nor take away your charter'd rights,
 Nor overcome your new-rais'd levies,
 Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies,
 Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
 Tho' rais'd more thick than hatchel-teeth :
 But leave king George and all his elves,
 To do their conqu'ring work themselves."

This said, they low'r'd him down in state,
 Spread at all points, like falling cat :
 But took a vote first on the question,
 That they'd accept this full confession,
 And to their fellowship and favour,
 Restore him on his good behaviour.

Not so our squire submits to rule,
 But stood heroic as a mule.

" You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
 To play your rebel tricks on me.
 All punishments the world can render,
 Serve only to provoke th' offender ;
 The will's confirm'd by treatment horrid,
 As hides grow harder when they're curried,

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
 With good opinion of the law :
 Or held, in method orthodox,
 His love of justice in the stocks :
 Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
 At once his loyalty and ears.
 Have you made Murray look less big,
 Or smoak'd old Williams to a whip ?
 Did our mobb'd Ol' ver quit his station,
 Or heed his vows of resignation ?
 Has Rivington, in dread of stripes,
 Ceas'd lying, since you stole his types ?
 And can you think my faith will alter,
 By tarring, whipping, or the halter ?
 I'll stand the worst : for recompence
 I trust king George and providence.
 And when, our conquest gain'd, I come,
 Array'd in law and terror home,
 You'll rue this inauspicious morn,
 And curse the day you e'er were born,
 In Job's high stile of imprecations,
 With all his plagues, without his patience."

Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard
 A bench of justice had prepar'd,
 Where, sitting round in awful sort,
 The grand committee hold their court :
 While all the crew in silent awe,
 Wait from their lips the lore of law.
 Few moments with deliberation,
 They hold the solemn consultation,
 When soon in judgment all agree,
 And clerk declares the dread decree :
 " That squire M'Fingal having grown
 The vilest tory in the town,
 And now on full examination,
 Convicted by his own confession,

Finding no token of repentance,
 This court proceed to render sentence :
 That first the mob a slip-knot single
 Tie round the neck of said M'Fingal :
 And in due form do tar him next,
 And feather, as the law directs :
 Then thro' the town attendant ride him
 In cart with constable beside him,
 And having held him up to shame,
 Bring to the pole from whence he came."

Forthwith the croud proceed to deck
 With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck,
 While he, in peril of his soul,
 Stood ty'd half-hanging to the pole ;
 Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
 Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking tar :
 With less profusion erst was spread
 The Jewish oil on royal head,
 That down his beard and vestments ran,
 And cover'd all his outward man.
 As when (so Claudian sings*) the gods
 And earth-born giants fell at odds,
 The stout Enceladus in malice,
 Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas ;
 And as he held them o'er his head,
 The river, from their fountains fed,
 Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
 And wore its channels in his hide :
 So, from the high-rais'd urn, the torrents
 Spread down his side their various currents.
 His flowing wig, as next the brim,
 First met and drank the sable stream :
 Adown his visage stern and grave,
 Roll'd and adher'd the viscid wave :
 With arms depending as he stood,
 Each cuff capacious holds the flood :

* Claudian's Gigantomachia.

From nose and chin's remotest end,
 The tarry icicles depend:
 Till all o'erspread with colours gay
 He glitter'd to the western ray,
 Like fleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
 Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
 And now the feather-bag display'd,
 Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
 And spreads him o'er with feathers missive
 And down upon the tar adhesive:
 Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
 Such plumes around his visage wears;
 Nor Milton's six-wing'd angel gathers
 Such superfluity of feathers.
 Till all complete appears our squire,
 Like gorgon or chimera dire;
 Nor more could boast, on Plato's † plan,
 To rank amid the race of man,
 Or prove his claim to human nature,
 As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.
 Then on the two-wheel'd car of state,
 They rais'd our grand duumvirate:
 And as at Rome a like committee,
 That found an owl within their city,
 With solemn rites and sad processions,
 At ev'ry shrine perform'd lustrations;
 And, lest infection should abound
 From prodigy with face so round,
 All Rome attends him thro' the street,
 In triumph to his country seat:
 With like devotion, all the choir
 Paraded round our feather'd squire;
 In front the martial music comes
 Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
 With jingling sound of carriage bells,

† Alluding to Plato's well-known definition of man
 "Animal bipes, implumis."

And treble creak of rusted wheels :
 Behind, the croud, in lengthen'd row,
 With grave procession clos'd the show ;
 And at fit periods ev'ry throat
 Combin'd in universal shout,
 And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
 Or bawl'd confusion to the tories.
 Not louder storm the welkin braves,
 From clamours of conflicting waves ;
 Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise,
 When rav'ning lions lift their voice ;
 Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
 Or passing votes to reg'late trade.

Thus having borne them round the town,
 Last at the pole they set them down,
 And tow'rd the tavern take their way,
 To end in mirth the festal day.

And now the mob dispers'd and gone,
 Left squire and constable alone.
 The constable in rueful case
 Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace ;
 And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
 Stuck squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,
 Glued by the tar t' his rear apply'd,
 Like barnacle on vessel's side.
 But tho' his body lack'd physician,
 His spirit was in worse condition,
 He found his fears of whips and ropes
 By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.
 As men in jail without mainprize,
 View ev'ry thing with other eyes,
 And all goes wrong in church and state,
 Seen thro' perspective of the grate :
 So now M'Fingal's second sight
 Beheld all things in diff'rent light ;
 His visual nerve, well purg'd with tar,
 Saw all the coming scenes of war.
 As his prophetic soul grew stronger,

He found he could hold in no longer;
 First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
 His wig from pitchy durance broke,
 His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,
 His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd,
 " Ah, mr. Constable, in vain
 We strive 'gainst wind, and tide, and rain!
 Behold my doom! this feath' red omen
 Portends what dismal times are coming.
 Now future scenes before my eyes,
 And second-sighted forms arise:
 I hear a voice that calls away,
 And cries, the whigs will win the day;
 My beck'ning genius gives command,
 And bids us fly the fatal land;
 Where, changing name and constitution,
 Rebellion turns to revolution,
 While loyalty oppress'd, in tears,
 Stands trembling for its neck and ears.
 Go, summon all our brethren greeting,
 To muster at our usual meeting.
 There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em;
 Of all things future that concern 'em;
 And scenes disclose, on which, my friend,
 Their conduct and their lives depend:
 There I—but first 'tis more of use,
 From this vile pole to set me loose;
 Then go with cautious steps and steady,
 While I steer home and make all ready."

C A N T O F O U R T H.

T H E V I S I O N.

NOW night came down, and rose full soon,
 That patroness of rogues, the moon;
 Beneath whose kind, protecting ray,
 Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.
 The honest world all snor'd in chorus,
 While owls and ghosts, and thieves and tories,
 Whom erst the mid-day sun had aw'd,
 Crept from their lurking holes abroad.
 On cautious hinges, slow and stiller,
 Wide op'd the great M'Fingal's * cellar,
 Where, shut from prying eyes, in cluster,
 The tory pandemonium muster.
 Their chiefs all sitting round descried are,
 On kegs of ale, and seats of cider;
 When first M'Fingal, dimly seen,
 Rose solemn from the turnip-bin.
 Nor yet his † form had wholly lost
 Th' original brightness it could boast.
 Nor less appear'd than justice quorum,
 In feather'd majesty before 'em,
 Adown his tar-streak'd visage, clear
 Fell glist'ning fast th' indignant tear,

* Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi,
 Conciliumq; vocat divum pater atq; hominum rex
 Sideream in sedem. Lib. 10. Æneid.

† His form had not yet lost
 All its original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than archangel ruin'd.

Milton.

And thus his voice, in mournful wise,
Pursued the prologue of his sighs.

“ Brethren and friends, the glorious band
Of loyalty in rebel land !

It was not thus you’ve seen me sitting
Return’d in triumph from town-meeting,
When blust’ring whigs were put to stand,
And votes obey’d my guiding hand,
And new commissions pleas’d my eyes;
Blest days, but ah, no more to rise!
Alas, against my better light,
And optics sure of second sight,
My stubborn soul in error strong,
Had faith in Hutchinson too long.
See what brave trophies still we bring
From all our battles for the king;
And yet these plagues now pass before us,
Are but our ent’ring wedge of sorrows.
I see in glooms tempestuous stand
The cloud impending o’er the land;
That cloud, which still beyond their hopes
Serves all our orators with tropes,
Which, tho’ from our own vapours fed,
Shall point its thunders on our head!
I see the mob, beslipp’d in taverns,
Hunt us, like wolves, thro’ wilds and caverns;
What dungeons rise t’ alarm our fears,
What horsewhips whistle round our ears!
Tar yet in embryo in pine,
Shall run on tories’ backs to shine;
Trees rooted fair in groves of fallows,
Are growing for our future gallows;
And geese unhatch’d, when pluck’d in fray,
Shall rue the feath’ring of that day.

“ For me, before these fatal days
I mean to fly th’ accursed place,
And follow omens, which of late
Have warn’d me of impending fate;

Yet pass'd unnotic'd o'er my view,
 'Till sad conviction prov'd them true;
 As prophecies of best intent,
 Are only heeded in th' event.

" For late in visions of the night,
 The gallows stood before my sight;
 I saw its ladder heav'd on end;
 I saw the deadly rope descend;
 And in its noose that wav'ring swang,
 Friend † Malcolm hung, or seem'd to hang.
 How chang'd from him, who, bold as lion,
 Stood aid-de-camp to gov'rnor Tryon;
 Made rebels vanish once, like witches,
 And sav'd his life, but dropp'd his breeches!
 I scarce had made a fearful bow,
 And trembling ask'd him, " How d'ye do?"
 When, lifting up his eyes so wide,
 (His eyes alone—his hands were ty'd;)
 With feeble voice, as spirits use,
 Now almost choak'd with gripe of noose;
 " Ah ‡ fly, my friend," he cry'd; " escape,

† Malcolm was a Scotchman, aid to governor Tryon in his expedition against the regulators in North-Carolina, where in the engagement he met with the accident of the breeches, here alluded to. He was afterwards an under officer of the customs in Boston, where becoming obnoxious, he was tarred, feathered, and half hanged by the mob, about the year 1774. After this he was neglected and avoided by his own party, and thinking his merits and sufferings unrewarded, appeared equally malevolent against whigs and tories.

The pretences of the Highlanders to prophecy by second-sight are too well known to need an explanation.

‡ There is in this scene a general allusion to the appearance and speech of Hector's ghost in the second book of the *Æneid*.

And keep yourself from this sad scrape;
 Enough you've talk'd, and writ, and plann'd;
 The whigs have got the upper hand.
 Dame Fortune's wheel has turn'd so short,
 It plung'd us fairly in the dirt;
 Could mortal arm our fears have ended,
 This arm (and shook it) had defended.
 But longer now 'tis vain to stay;
 See, ev'n the reg'lars run away:
 Wait not till things grow desperater,
 For hanging is no laughing matter:
 This might your grandfathers' fortunes tell you on,
 Who both were hang'd the last rebellion;
 Adventure, then, no longer stay,
 But call your friends, and run away.
 For lo, thro' deepest glooms of night,
 I come to aid thy second sight,
 Disclose the plagues that round us wait,
 And wake the dark decrees of fate.
 Ascend this ladder, whence, unfurl'd,
 The curtain opes of t' other world;
 For here new worlds their scenes unfold,
 Seen from this backdoor of the old.
 As when Æneas risk'd his life,
 Like Orpheus vent'ring for his wife,
 And bore in show his mortal carcase,
 Thro' realms of Erebus and Orcus,
 Then in the happy fields Elysian,
 Saw all his embryo sons in vision:
 As, shown by great archangel, Michael,
 Old Adam saw the world's whole sequel,
 And from the mount's extended space,
 The rising fortunes of his race;
 So from this stage shalt thou behold,
 The war its coming scenes unfold,
 Rais'd by my arm to meet thine eye!
 My Adam, thou; thine angel, I,

But first my pow'r for visions * bright,
 Must cleanse from clouds thy mental sight,
 Remove the dim suffusions spread,
 Which bribes and sal'ries there have bred ;
 And from the well of Bute infuse
 Three genuine drops of Highland dew,
 To purge, like euphrasy and rue,
 Thine eyes, for much thou hast to view.

" Now, freed from tory darkness, raise
 Thy head, and spy the coming days ;
 For lo ! before our second sight,
 The continent ascends in light ;
 From north to south what gath'ring swarms
 Increase the pride of rebel arms !
 Thro' ev'ry state our legions brave
 Speed gallant marches to the grave ;
 Of battling whigs the frequent prize,
 While rebel trophies stain the skies.
 Behold o'er northern realms afar,
 Extend the kindling flames of war !
 See fam'd St. John's and Montréal,
 Doom'd by Montgom'ry's arm to fall !
 Where Hudson with majestic sway,
 Thro' hills disparted ploughs his way,
 Fate spreads on Bemus' Heights alarms,
 And pours destruction on our arms ;
 There Bennington's ensanguin'd plain
 And Stony Point, the prize of Wayne ;
 Behold near Del'ware's icy roar,
 Where morning dawns on Trenton's shore,
 While Hessians spread their Christmas feasts,
 Rush rude those uninvited guests ;
 Nor aught avail, to whigs a prize,
 Their martial whiskers' grisly size.
 On Princeton plains our heroes yield,
 And spread in flight the vanquish'd field,

* See Milton's Paradise Lost, Book II.

While fear to Mawhood's heels puts on
 Wings wide as worn by Maia's son.
 Behold the Pennsylvanian shore;
 Enrich'd with streams of British gore;
 Where many a vet'ran chief in bed
 Of honour rests his slumb'ring head,
 And in soft vales, in land of foes,
 Their wearied virtue finds repose.
 See plund'ring Dunmore's negro band,
 Fly headlong from Virginia's strand;
 And far on southern hills, our cousins,
 The Scotch M'Donalds, fall by dozens;
 Or where King's Mountain lifts its head,
 Our ruin'd bands in triumph led!
 Behold, o'er Tarleton's blust'ring train,
 The rebels stretch the captive chain!
 Afar, near Eutaw's fatal springs
 Descending Vict'ry spreads her wings!
 Thro' all the land in various chase,
 We hunt the rainbow of success;
 In vain! their chief, superior still,
 Eludes our force with Fabian skill,
 Or, swift descending, by surprise,
 Like Prussia's eagle, sweeps the prize."
 I look'd; nor yet, oppress'd with fears,
 Gave credit to my eyes or ears,
 But held the views an empty dream,
 On Berkley's immaterial scheme;
 And pond'ring sad, with troubl'd breast,
 At length my rising doubts express'd:
 "Ah whither, thus by rebels smitten,
 Is fled th' omnipotence of Britain,
 Or, fail'd it's usual guard to keep,
 Gone truanting or fall'n asleep?
 As Baal his prophets left confounded,
 And bawling vot'ries, gash'd and wounded;
 Did not, retir'd to bow'rs Elysian,
 Great Mars leave with her his commission,

And Neptune erst, in treaty free,
 Give up dominion o'er the sea?
 Else where's the faith of fam'd orations,
 Address, debate, and proclamations,
 Or courtly sermon, laureat ode,
 And ballads on the watry god;
 With whose high strains great George enriches
 His eloquence and gracious speeches?
 Not faithful to our Highland eyes,
 These deadly forms of vision rise,
 But sure some whig-inspiring sprite
 Now palms delusion on our sight,
 I'd scarcely trust a tale so vain,
 Should revelation prompt the strain,
 Or Ossian's ghost the scenes rehearse,
 In all the melody of Erse †."

"Too long," quoth Malcolm, with confusion
 "You've dwelt already in delusion,
 As sceptics, of all fools the chief,
 Hold faith in creeds of unbelief,
 I come to draw thy veil aside
 Of error, prejudice, and pride.
 Fools love deception; but the wise
 Prefer sad truths to pleasing lies.
 For know, those hopes can ne'er succeed
 That trust on Britain's breaking reed.
 For weak'ning long from bad to worse,
 By fatal atrophy of purse,
 She feels at length, with trembling heart,
 Her foes have found her mortal part.
 As fam'd Achilles, dipt by Thetis
 In Styx, as sung in ancient ditties,
 Grew all case-harden'd o'er like steel,
 Invulnerable, save his heel;
 And laugh'd at swords, and spears, as squibs,

† Erse, the ancient Scottish language, in which
 Ossian wrote his poems.

And all diseases, but the kibes ;
 Yet met at last his fatal wound,
 By Paris' arrow nail'd to ground ;
 So Britain's boasted strength deserts,
 In these her empire's utmost skirts,
 Remov'd beyond her fierce impressions,
 And atmosphere of omnipresence ;
 Nor to these shores' remotest ends,
 Her dwarf omnipotence extends :
 Whence in this turn of things so strange,
 'Tis time our principles to change.
 For vain that boasted faith, which gathers
 No perquisite but tar and feathers,
 No pay, but whigs' insulting malice,
 And no promotion, but the gallows.
 I've long enough stood firm and steady,
 Half-hang'd for loyalty already :
 And could I save my neck and pelf,
 I'd turn a flaming whig myself,
 And quit this cause, and course, and calling,
 Like rats that fly from house that's falling.
 But since, obnoxious here to fate,
 This saving wisdom comes too late,
 Our noblest hopes already crost,
 Our sal'ries gone, our titles lost,
 Doom'd to worse suff'rings from the mob,
 Than Satan's surg'ries us'd on Job ;
 What more remains but now with flight,
 What's left of us to save by flight ?

" Now raise thine eyes, for visions true
 Again ascending wait thy view."

I look'd, and, clad in early light,
 The spires of Boston rose to sight ;
 The morn o'er eastern hills afar,
 Illum'd the varying scenes of war.
 Great Howe had long since in the lap
 Of Loring taken out his nap,
 And, with the sun's ascending ray,

The cuckold came to take his pay.
 When all th' encircling hills around,
 With instantaneous breastworks crown'd,
 With pointed thunders met his sight,
 By magic rear'd the former night.
 Each summit, far as eye commands,
 Shone peopled with rebellious bands
 Aloft their tow'ring heroes rise,
 As Titans erst assail'd the skies,
 Leagu'd with superior force to prove
 The scepter'd hand of British Jove.
 Mounds pil'd on hills ascended fair
 With batt'ries plac'd in middle air,
 That, rais'd like angry clouds on high,
 Seem'd like the artill'ry of the sky,
 And hurl'd their fiery bolts amain,
 In thunder on the trembling plain,
 I saw along the prostrate strand,
 Our baffled gen'ral's quit the land,
 And, swift as frightened mermaids, flee
 T' our boasted element, the sea!
 Resign that long contested shore,
 Again the prize of rebel-pow'r,
 And tow'rd their town of refuge fly,
 Like convict Jews, condemn'd to die.

Then tow'rd the north I turn'd my eyes,
 Where Saratoga's heights arise,
 And saw our chosen vet'ran band,
 Descend in terror o'er the land;
 T' oppose this fury of alarms,
 Saw all New England wake to arms,
 And ev'ry Yankey full of mettle,
 Swarm forth, like bees at sound of kettle.
 Not Rome, when Tarquin rap'd Lucretia,
 Saw wilder must'ring of militia.
 Thro' all the woods and plains of fight,
 What mortal battles fill'd my sight,
 While British corpes strew'd the shore,

And Hudson ting'd his streams with gore!
 What tongue can tell the dismal day,
 Or paint the party-colour'd fray;
 When yeomen left their fields afar,
 To plough the crimson plains of war;
 When zeal to swords transform'd their shares,
 And turn'd their pruning-hooks to spears,
 Chang'd tailors' geese to guns and hall,
 And stretch'd to pike the cobbler's awl;
 While hunters fierce, like mighty Nimrod,
 Made on our troops a daring inroad;
 And lev'ling squint on barrel round,
 Brought our beau-officers to ground;
 While rifle-frocks sent gen'als cap'ring,
 And redcoats shrunk from leathern apron,
 And epaulette and gorget run
 From whinyard brown and rusty gun:
 While sunburnt wigs in high command,
 Rush furious on our frightened band,
 And ancient beards and hoary hair,
 Like meteors stream in troubled air.
 With locks unshorn not Sampson more
 Made useless all the show of war,
 Nor fought with ass's jaw for rarity,
 With more success or singularity.
 I saw our vet'ran thousands yield,
 And pile their musquets on the field;
 And peasant guards, in rueful plight,
 March off our captur'd bands from fight;
 While ev'ry rebel-fife in play,
 To Yankey-doodle tun'd its lay,
 And, like the music of the spheres,
 Mellifluous sooth'd their vanquish'd ears.

"Alas!" said I, "what baleful star
 Sheds fatal influence on the war,
 And who that chosen chief of fame,
 That heads this grand parade of shame?"

"There see how fate," great Malcolm cry'd,

“ Strikes with its bolts the tow’rs of pride.

Behold that martial macaroni,
Compound of Phæbus and Bellona,
With warlike sword and singsong lay,
Equipp’d alike for feast or fray,
Where equal wit and valour join;
This, this is he, the fam’d Burgoyne:
Who pawn’d his honour and commission,
To coax the patriots to submission,
By songs and balls secure obedience,
And dance the ladies to allegiance.
Oft his camp muses he’ll parade
At Boston in the grand blockade;
And well invoc’d with punch of arrack,
Hold converse sweet in tent or barrack,
Inspir’d in more heroic fashion,
Both by his theme and situation;
While farce and proclamation grand,
Rise fair beneath his plastic hand:
For genius swells more strong and clear,
When close confin’d, like bottled beer:
So Prior’s wit gain’d greater pow’r
By inspiration of the tow’r;
And Raleigh, close in pris’n hurl’d,
Wrote all the hist’ry of the world:
So Wilkes grew, while in jail he lay,
More patriotic ev’ry day;
But found his zéal, when not confin’d,
Soon sink below the freezing point,
And public spirit, once so fair,
Evaporate in open air.

But thou, great favourite of Venus,
By no such luck shalt cramp thy genius:
Thy friendly stars, till wars shall cease,
Shall ward th’ ill fortune of release,
And hold thee fast, in bonds not feeble,
In good condition still to scribble.
Such merit fate shall shield from firing,

Bomb, carcase, langridge, and cold iron ;
Nor trust thy doubly-laurell'd head,
To rude assaults of flying lead.

Hence, in this Saratogue retreat,
For pure good fortune thou'lt be beat;
Not taken oft, releas'd, or rescued,
Pass for small change, like simple Prescott.
But captur'd there, as fates befall,
Shalt stand thy hand for't, once for all.
Then raise thy daring thoughts sublime,
And dip thy conqu'ring pen in rhyme,
And, changing war for puns and jokes,
Write new Blockades and Maids of Oaks *."

This said, he turn'd, and saw the tale
Had dy'd my trembling cheeks with pale;
Then pitying, in a milder vein
Pursued the visionary strain.

" Too much perhaps hath pain'd your views
Of vict'ries gain'd by rebel crews ;
Now see the deeds not small or scanty,
Of British valour and human'ty ;
And learn from this auspicious sight
How England's sons and friends can fight,
In what dread scenes their courage grows,
And how they conquer all their foes."

I look'd, and saw in wintry skies
Our spacious prison-walls arise,
Where Britons all their captives taming,
Plied them with scourging, cold, and famine ;
Reduc'd to life's concluding stages,
By noxious food and plagues contagious.
Aloft the mighty Loring stood,

* The Maid of the Oaks, and the Blockade of Boston, are farces—the first acknowledged by general Burgoyne ; the other generally ascribed to him.

And thriv'd like * Vampyre on their blood.
 And, counting all his gains arising,
 Dealt daily rations out of poison.
 Amid the dead that croud the scene,
 The moving skeletons were seen.
 At hand our troops in vaunting strains,
 Insulted all their wants and pains,
 And turn'd on all the dying tribe,
 The bitter taunt and scornful jibe:
 And British officers of might,
 Triumphant at the joyful sight,
 O'er foes disarm'd with courage daring,
 Exhausted all their tropes of swearing.
 Around all stain'd with rebel blood,
 Like Milton's lazar house it stood;
 Where grim Despair attended nurse,
 And Death was gov'nor of the house.
 Amaz'd, I cried, "Is this the way,
 That British valour wins the day?"
 More had I said, in strains unwelcome,
 'Till interrupted thus by Malcolm:
 "Blame not, quoth he, but learn the reasons
 Of this new mode of conqu'ring treason;
 'Tis but a wise politic plan,
 To root out all the rebel-clan;
 (For surely treason ne'er can thrive,
 Where not a soul is left alive.)
 A scheme, all other chiefs to surpass,
 And do th' effectual work to purpose.
 For war itself is nothing further,
 But th' art and mystery of murder,
 And who most methods has essay'd,
 Is the best gen'ral of the trade,

* The notion of Vampyres is a superstition, that
 has greatly prevailed in many parts of Europe. They
 pretend it is a dead body, which rises out of its grave
 in the night, and sucks the blood of the living.

And stands Death's plenipotentiary,
 To conquer, poison, starve, and bury.
 This Howe well knew, and thus began,
 (Despising Carl'ton's coaxing plan,
 Who kept his pris'ners well and merry,
 And dealt them food like commissary,
 And by paroles and ransoms vain,
 Dismiss'd them all to fight again :)
 Whence his first captives with great spirit,
 He tied up for his troops to fire ‡ at,
 And hop'd they'd learn on foes thus taken,
 To aim at rebels without shaking.
 Then wise in stratagem, he plann'd
 The sure destruction of the land,
 Turn'd famine, sickness, and despair,
 To useful enginry of war,
 Instead of cannon, musquet, mortar,
 Us'd pestilence, and death, and torture ;
 Sent forth the small pox and the greater,
 To thin the land of ev'ry traitor,
 And order'd out, with like endeavour,
 Detachments of the pris'n-fever ;
 Spread desolation o'er their head,
 And plagues in providence's stead,
 Perform'd with equal skill and beauty,
 Th' avenging angel's tour of duty ;
 Then, proud to raise a glorious name,
 And em'lous of his country's fame,
 He bade these prison-walls arise,
 Like temples tow'ring to the skies,
 Where British Clemency renown'd,
 Might fix her seat on sacred ground ;
 (That Virtue, as each herald saith,
 Of whole blood kin to Punic Faith)

‡ This was done openly and without censure by
 the troops under Howe's command in many instan-
 ces, on his first conquest of Long-Island.

Where all her godlike pow'r unveiling,
 She finds a grateful shrine to dwell in.
 Then at this altar for her honour,
 Chose this high priest to wait upon her,
 Who with just rites, in ancient guises,
 Presents these human sacrifices;
 Hear ev'ry day her vot'ries tell,
 She more devours than th' idol Bel;
 And thirsts more rav'nously for gore,
 Than any worshipp'd pow'r, before.
 That ancient heathen godhead Moloch
 Oft stay'd his stomach with a bullock,
 Or, if his morning rage you'd check first,
 One child suffic'd him for a breakfast.
 But British Clemency with zeal
 Devours her hundreds at a meal,
 Right well by naturalists defin'd,
 A being of carniv'rous kind.
 So erst Gargantua * pleas'd his palate,
 And eat his pilgrims up for fallad.
 Not blest with maw less ceremonious,
 The wide-mouth'd whale that swallow'd Jonas;
 Like earthquake gapes, to death devote,
 That open sepulchre, her throat:
 The grave, or barren womb you'd stuff,
 And sooner bring to cry, enough;
 Or fatten up to fair condition
 The lean-flesh'd kine of Pharaoh's vision.

“ Behold her temple where it stands,
 Erect by fam'd Britannic hands:
 'Tis the blackhole of Indian structure,
 New built with English architecture,
 On plan, 'tis said, contriv'd and wrote,
 By Clive, before he cut his throat;
 Who, ere he took himself in hand,
 Was her highpriest in nabob-land:

¶ See Rabelais's history of giant Gargantua.

And when, with conqu'ring glory crown'd,
 He'd well enslav'd the nations round,
 With pitying heart, the gen'rous chief,
 (Since slav'ry's worse than loss of life)
 Bade desolation circle far,
 And famine end the work of war;
 Thus loos'd their chains, and for their merits,
 Dismiss'd them free to worlds of spirits:
 Whence they, with gratitude and praise,
 Return'd † t' attend his latter days,
 And, hov'ring round his restless bed,
 Spread nightly visions o'er his head.

"Now turn," he cried "to nobler sights,
 And mark the prowess of our fights:
 Behold, like whelps of British lion.
 The warriors, Clinton, Vaughan, Tryon,
 March forth with patriotic joy,
 To ravish, plunder, burn, destroy.
 Great gen'als foremost in the nation,
 The journeymen of Desolation!
 Like Sampson's foxes, each assails,
 Let loose with firebrands in their tails,
 And spreads destruction more forlorn,
 Than they did in Philistine corn.
 And see in flames their triumphs rise,
 Illuming all the nether skies,
 And streaming, like a new Aurora,
 The western hemisphere with glory!
 What towns, in ashes laid, confess
 These heroes' prowess and success!
 What blacken'd walls, and burning fanes,
 For trophies spread the ruin'd plains!
 What females, caught in evil hour,

† Clive, in the latter years of his life, conceived himself perpetually haunted by the ghosts of those, who were the victims of his British humanity in the East-Indies.

By force submit to British pow'r,
Or plunder'd negroes in disaster,
Confess king George their lord and master!

What crimson corsees strew their way,
Till smoaking carnage dims the day!
Along the shore for sure reduction
They wield their besom of destruction.

Great Homer likens, in his Ilias,
To dogstar bright the fierce Achilles;
But ne'er beheld, in red procession,
Three dogstars rise in constellation;
Or saw in glooms of ev'ning misty,
Such signs of fiery triplic'ty,
Which, far beyond the comet's tail,
Portend destruction where they sail.
Oh had Great-Britain's war's shore
Produc'd but ten such heroes,
They'd spar'd the pains around the station
Of this world's final conflagration,
Which, when its time comes, at a stand,
Would find its work all done t' its hand!

"Yet tho' gay hopes our eyes may bless,
Indignant fate forbids success;
Like morning dreams, our conquest flies,
Dispers'd before the dawn arise."

Here Malcolm paus'd: when, pond'ring long,
Grief thus gave utterance to my tongue:

"Where shrink in fear, our friends dismay'd,
And all the tories' promis'd aid?
Can none, amid these fierce alarms,
Assist the pow'r of royal arms?"

"In vain," he cried, "our king depends
On promis'd aid of tory-friends.
When our own efforts want success,
Friends ever fail, as fears increase.
As leaves in blooming verdure wove,
In warmth of summer clothe the grove;
But when autumnal frosts arise,

Leave bare their trunks to wintry skies ;
 So while your pow'r can aid their ends,
 You ne'er can need ten thousand friends :
 But once in want, by foes dismay'd,
 May advertise them stol'n or stray'd.
 Thus, ere Great-Britain's strength grew slack,
 She gain'd that aid, she did not lack :
 But now in dread, imploring pity,
 All hear unmov'd her dol'rous ditty ;
 Allegiance wand'ring turns astray,
 And Faith grows dim for lack of pay.
 In vain she tries by new inventions,
 Fear, falsehood, flatt'ry, threats and pensions,
 Or sends commiss'ners with credentials
 Of promises and penitentials.
 As for his fare o'er Styx of old,
 The Trojan stole the bough of gold ;
 And, lest grim Cerb'rus should make head,
 Stuff'd both his fobs with * gingerbread :
 Behold, at Britain's utmost shifts,
 Comes Johnstone loaded with like gifts,
 To venture thro' the whiggish tribe,
 To cuddle, wheedle, coax, and bribe,
 Enter their lands, and on his journey,
 Possession take, as king's attorney ;
 Buy all the vassals to protect him,
 And bribe the tenants not t' eject him ;
 And call, to aid his desp'rate mission,
 His petticoated politician ;
 While Venus, join'd t' assist the farce,
 Strolls forth ambassador for Mars.
 In vain he strives, for while he lingers,
 These mastiffs bite his off'ring fingers ;
 Nor buys for George and realms infernal,
 One spaniel, but the mongrel Arnold.

* ———Medicatam frugibus offam.

Æneid. lib. VI. lin. 410.

“ ’Twere vain to paint in vision’d show,
 The mighty nothings done by Howe;
 What towns he takes in mortal fray,
 As stations, whence to run away;
 What conquests gain’d in battles warm,
 To us no aid, to them no harm;
 For still th’ event alike is fatal,
 Whate’er success attend the battle,
 If he gain victory, or lose it,
 Who ne’er had skill enough to use it;
 And better ’twere at their expense,
 T’ have drubb’d him into common sense,
 And wak’d by bastings on his rear,
 Th’ activity, tho’ but of fear.

By slow advance his arms prevail,
 Like emblematic march of snail;
 That be millennium nigh or far,
 ’Twould long before him end the war.
 From York to Philadelphia ground,
 He sweeps the mighty flourish round,
 Wheel’d circ’lar, by excentric stars,
 Like racing boys at prison-bars,
 Who take the adverse crew in whole,
 By running round the opp’site goal;
 Works wide the traverse of his course,
 Like ship in storms’ opposing force;
 Like mill horse circling in his race,
 Advances not a single pace,
 And leaves no trophies of reduction,
 Save that of cankerworms, destruction:
 Thus having long both countries curst,
 He quits them, as he found them first,
 Steers home disgrac’d, of little worth,
 To join Burgoyne, and rail at North.

“ Now raise thine eyes, and view with pleasure,
 The triumphs of his fam’d successor.”

“ I look’d, and now by magic lore,
 Faint rose to view the Jersey shore;

But dimly seen, in glooms array'd,
 For night had pour'd her sable shade;
 And ev'ry star, with glimm'rings pale,
 Was muffled deep in evening veil;
 Scarce visible in dulky night,
 Advancing red-coats rose to fight:
 The lengthen'd train in gleaming rows
 Stole silent from their slumb'ring foes;
 Slow mov'd the baggage; and the train
 Like snail crept noiseless o'er the plain;
 No trembling soldier dar'd to speak,
 And not a wheel presum'd to creak.
 My looks my new surprise confess'd,
 Till by great Malcolm thus address'd:
 "Spend not thy wits in vain researches;
 'Tis one of Clinton's moonlight marches.
 From Philadelphia now retreating,
 To save his anxious troops a beating,
 With hasty strides he flies in vain,
 His rear attack'd on Monmouth plain:
 With various chance the mortal fray
 Is lengthen'd to the close of day,
 When his tir'd bands, o'ermatch'd in fight,
 Are rescued by descending night;
 He forms his camp with vain parade,
 Till ev'ning spreads the world with shade;
 Then still, like some endanger'd spark,
 Steals off on tiptoe in the dark;
 Yet writes his king in boasting tone,
 How grand he march'd by light of moon.
 I see him; but thou canst not; proud
 He leads in front the trembling croud;
 And wisely knows, if danger's near,
 'Twill fall the heaviest on his rear.
 Go on, great gen'ral, nor regard
 The scoffs of ev'ry scribbling bard,
 Who sing how gods that fatal night
 Aided by miracles your flight,

As once they us'd, in Homer's day,
 To help weak heroes run away ;
 Tell how the hours, at awful trial,
 Went back, as erst on Ahaz' dial,
 While British Joshua stay'd the moon,
 On Monmouth plains for Ajalon :
 Heed not their sneers and jibes so arch,
 Because she set before your march.
 A small mistake, your meaning right,
 You take her influence for her light ;
 Her influence, which shall be your guide,
 And o'er your gen'ralship preside.
 Hence still shall teem your empty skull,
 With vict'ries when the moon's at full.
 Which, by transition yet more strange,
 Wane to defeats before the change ;
 Hence all your movements, all your notions,
 Shall steer by like excentric motions,
 Eclips'd in many a fatal crisis,
 And dimm'd when Washington arises.

“ And see how fate herself, turn'd traitor,
 Inverts the ancient course of nature,
 And changes manners, tempers, climes,
 To suit the genius of the times.
 See Bourbon forms his gen'rous plan,
 First guardian of the rights of man,
 And prompt in firm alliance joins,
 To aid the rebels' proud designs.
 Behold from realms of eastern day,
 His sails innum'rous shape their way,
 In warlike line the billows sweep,
 And roll the thunders of the deep.
 See low in equinoctial skies,
 The Western Islands fall their prize.
 See British flags, o'ermatch'd in might,
 Put all their faith in instant flight ;
 Or broken squadrons from th' affray,
 Drag slow their wounded hulks away :

Behold his chiefs in daring sets,
 D'Estaings, De Grasses, and Fayettes,
 Spread thro' our camps their dread alarms,
 And swell the fears of rebel arms.
 Yet ere our empire sink in night,
 One gleam of hope shall strike the sight;
 As lamps that fail of oil and fire,
 Collect one glimm'ring to expire.

“ And lo, where southern shores extend,
 Behold our union'd hosts descend;
 Where Charlestown views with varying beams
 Her turrets gild th' encircling streams;
 There by superior might compell'd,
 Behold their gallant Lincoln yield,
 Nor aught the wreaths avail him now,
 Pluck'd from Burgoyne's imperious brow.
 See, furious from the vanquish'd strand,
 Cornwallis leads his mighty band:
 The southern realms and Georgian shore
 Submit, and own the victor's pow'r.
 Lo, sunk before his wasting way,
 The Carolinas fall his prey!
 In vain embattled hosts of foes
 Essay in warring strife t' oppose.
 See, shrinking from his conqu'ring eye,
 The rebel legions fall or fly;
 And, with'ring in these torrid skies,
 The northern laurel fades and dies.
 With rapid force he leads his band
 To fair Virginia's fated strand,
 Triumphant eyes the travell'd zone,
 And boasts the southern realms his own:
 Nor yet this hero's glories bright
 Blaze only in the fields of fight:
 Not Howe's human'ty more deserving
 In gifts of hanging and of starving;
 Not Arnold plunders more tobacco,
 Or steals more negroes for Jamaica:

Scarce Rodney's self, among th' Eustatians,
 Insults so well the laws of nations;
 Ev'n Tryon's fame grows dim, and, mourning,
 He yields the laurel crown of burning.

"I see with rapture and surprise,
 New triumphs sparkling in thine eyes:
 But view where now, renew'd in might,
 Again the rebels dare the fight."

"I look'd, and far in southern skies,
 Saw Greene, their second hope, arise,
 And with his small but gallant band,
 Invade the Carolinian land.

As winds in stormy circles whirl'd,
 Rush billowing o'er the darken'd world,
 And where their wasting fury roves,
 Successive sweep th' astonish'd groves:

Thus where he pours the rapid fight,
 Our boasted conquests sink in night,
 And wide o'er all th' extended field,
 Our forts resign, our armies yield,
 Till now, regain'd the vanquish'd land,
 He lifts his standard on the strand.

"Again to fair Virginia's coast,
 I turn'd, and view'd the British host:
 Where Chesapeak's wide waters lave
 Her shores, and join th' Atlantic wave:
 There fam'd Cornwallis tow'ring rose,
 And scorn'd, secure, his distant foes.
 His bands the haughty rampart raise,
 And bid th' imperial standard blaze.
 When lo, where ocean's bounds extend,
 I saw the Gallic sails ascend,
 With fav'ring breezes stem their way,
 And croud with ships the spacious bay.
 Lo! Washington from northern shores,
 O'er many a region wheels his force:
 And Rochambeau, with legions bright,
 Descends in terrors to the fight.

Not swifter cleaves his rapid way,
 The eagle cow'ring o'er his prey,
 Or knights in fam'd romance that fly
 On fairy pinions thro' the sky.
 Amaz'd, the Briton's startled pride
 Sees ruin wake on ev'ry side ;
 And all his troops, to fate consign'd,
 By instantaneous stroke, Burgoy'n'd.
 Not Cadmus view'd with more surprise,
 From earth embattl'd armies rise,
 When by superior pow'r impell'd,
 He sow'd with dragon's teeth the field,
 Here Gallic troops in terror stand,
 There rush in arms the rebel band ;
 Nor hope remains from mortal fight,
 Or that last British refuge, flight.
 I saw, with looks downcast and grave,
 The chief emerging from his cave †,
 (Where, chac'd, like hare in mighty round,
 His hunters earth'd him first in ground)
 And, doom'd by fate to rebel sway,
 Yield all his captur'd hosts a prey.
 There while I view'd the vanquish'd town,
 Thus with a sigh my friend went on :
 " Behold'it thou not that band forlorn,
 Like slaves in Roman triumphs borne ;
 Their faces length'ning with their fears,
 And cheeks distain'd with streams of tears,
 Like dramatis personæ sage,
 Equipt to act on Tyburn's stage ?
 Lo these are they, who, lur'd by follies,
 Left all and follow'd great Cornwallis ;
 True to their king, with firm devotion,
 For conscience sake, and hop'd promotion,

† Alluding to the well-known fact of Cornwallis's
 taking up his residence in a cave, during the siege of
 York-town.

Expectant of the promis'd glories,
 And new millennial state of tories.
 Alas, in vain, all doubts forgetting,
 They tried th' omnipotence of Britain;
 But found her arm, once strong and brave,
 So shorten'd now she cannot save.
 Not more aghast departed souls,
 Who risk'd their fate on popish bulls,
 And find saint Peter at the wicket
 Refuse to countersign their ticket,
 When driv'n to purgatory back,
 With all their pardons in their pack :
 Than tories must'ring at their stations
 On faith of royal proclamations.
 As pagan chiefs at ev'ry crisis,
 Confirm'd their leagues by sacrifices,
 And herds of beasts to all their de'ties,
 Oblations fell at close of treaties :
 Cornwallis thus in ancient fashion,
 Concludes his league of cap'tulation,
 And victims due to rebel-glories,
 Gives this sin-off'ring up of tories.
 See where reliev'd from sad embargo,
 Steer off, consign'd, a recreant cargo,
 Like old scapegoats to roam in pain,
 Mark'd like their great forerunner, Cain ;
 The rest, now doom'd by British leagues,
 To justice of resentful whigs,
 Hold worthless lives on tenure ill,
 Of tenancy at rebel-will,
 While hov'ring o'er their forfeit persons,
 The gallows waits his sure reversions.
 " Thou too, M'Fingal, ere that day,
 Shalt taste the terrors of th' affray.
 See o'er thee hangs in angry skies,
 (Where whiggish constellations rise,
 And while plebeian signs ascend,
 Their mob-inspiring aspects bend)

That baleful star, whose * horrid hair
Shakes forth the plagues of down and tar !
I see the pole, that rears on high
Its flag terrific through the sky ;
The mob beneath prepar'd t' attack,
And tar predestin'd for thy back !
Ah quit, my friend, this dang'rous home,
Nor wait the darker scenes to come :
For know, that Fate's auspicious door,
Once shut to flight, is op'd to no more,
Nor wears its hinge by various stations,
Like Mercy's door in proclamations.

" But lest thou pause, or doubt to fly,
To stranger visions turn thine eye :
Each cloud that dimm'd thy mental ray,
And all the mortal mists decay :
See more than human pow'rs befriend,
And lo their hostile forms ascend !
See, tow'ring o'er th' extended strand,
The Genius of the western land,
In vengeance arm'd, his sword assumes,
And stands, like tories, dress'd in plumes.
See o'er yon council seat with pride,
How Freedom spreads her banners wide !
There Patriotism with torch address'd
To fire with zeal each daring breast !
While all the Virtues in their band,
Escape from yon unfriendly land,
Desert their ancient British station,
Possess'd with rage of emigration.
Honour, his business at a stand,
For fear of starving, quits their land ;
And Justice, long disgrac'd at court, had
By Mansfield's sentence, been transported.
Vict'ry and Fame attend their way,

* ——— From his horrid hair,
Shakes pestilence and war. Milton.

Tho' Britain with their longer stay,
Care not what George or North would be at,
Nor heed their writs of ne exeat,
But, fir'd with love of colonizing,
Quit the fall'n empire for the rising."

"I look'd, and saw, with horror smitten,
These hostile powers averse to Britain.

When lo, an awful spectre rose,

With languid paleness on his brows:

Wan dropsies swell'd his form beneath,

And ic'd his bloated cheeks with death;

His tatter'd robes expos'd him bare,

To ev'ry blast of ruder air;

On two weak crutches propt, he stood,

That bent at ev'ry step he trod,

Gilt titles grac'd their sides so slender,

One, "Regulation," t' other, "Tender;"

His breast plate grav'd with various dates,

"The faith of all th' united states:"

Before him went his sun'ral pall,

His grave stood dug to wait his fall.

I started, and aghast I cried,

"What means this spectre at their side?"

What danger from a pow'r so vain,

And why he joins that splendid train?"

"Alas," great Malcolm cried, "experience

Might teach you not to trust appearance.

Here stands, as drest by fierce Bellona,

The ghost of Continental Money,

Of dame Necessity descended,

With whom Credulity engender'd;

Tho' born with constitution frail,

And feeble strength that soon must fail,

Yet strangely vers'd in magic lore,

And gifted with transforming pow'r,

His skill the wealth Peruvian joins

With diamonds of Brazilian mines.

As erst Jove fell by subtle wiles

On Danae's apron thro' the tiles,
 In show'rs of gold ; his potent hand
 Shall shed like show'rs thro' all the land.
 Less great the magic art was reckon'd,
 Of tallies cast by Charles the second,
 Or Law's fam'd Mississippī schemes,
 Or all the wealth of South-sea dreams.
 For he of all the world alone
 Owns the long-sought philos'pher's stone,
 Restores the fab'lous times to view,
 And proves the tale of Midas true.
 O'er heaps of rags, he waves his wand,
 All turn to gold at his command,
 Provide for present wants and future,
 Raise armies, victual, clothe, accoutre,
 Adjourn our conquests by effoign,
 Check Howe's advance, and take Burgoyne ;
 Then makes all days of payment vain,
 And turns all back to rags again.
 In vain great Howe shall play his part,
 To ape and counterfeit his art ;
 In vain will Clinton, more belated,
 A conj'rer turn to imitate it ;
 With like ill-luck and pow'r as narrow,
 They'll fare, like for'cers of old Pharaoh,
 Who tho' the art they understood
 Of turning rivers into blood,
 And caus'd their frogs and snakes t' exist,
 That with some merit croak'd and hiss'd,
 Yet ne'er by ev'ry quaint device,
 Could frame the true Mosaic lice.
 He for the whigs his arts shall try,
 Their first, and long their sole ally ;
 A patriot firm, while breath he draws,
 He'll perish in his country's cause,
 And when his magic labours cease,
 Lie buried in eternal peace.

“ Now view the scenes in future hours,

That wait the fam'd European pow'rs
 See where yon chalky cliffs arise,
 The hills of Britain strike your eyes :
 Its small extension long supply'd,
 By full immensity of pride ;
 So small, that had it found a station
 In this new world at first creation,
 Or were by justice doom'd to suffer,
 And for its crimes transported over,
 We'd find wide room for't in lake Eri, or
 That larger water-pond, Superior,
 Where North on margin taking stand,
 Would not be able to spy land.
 No more, elate with pow'r, at ease,
 She deals her insults round the seas ;
 See dwindling from her height amain,
 What piles of ruin spread the plain ;
 With mould'ring hulks her ports are fill'd,
 And brambles clothe the cultur'd field !
 See on her cliffs her Genius lies,
 His handkerchief at both his eyes,
 With many a deep-drawn sigh and groan,
 To mourn her ruin and his own !
 While joyous Holland, France, and Spain,
 With conqu'ring navies rule the main,
 And Russian banners wide unfurl'd,
 Spread commerce round the eastern world.
 And see (sight hateful and tormenting)
 Th' Amer'can empire, proud and vaunting,
 From anarchy shall change her crisis,
 And fix her pow'r on firmer basis ;
 To glory, wealth, and fame ascend,
 Her commerce rise, her realms extend ;
 Where now the panther guards his den,
 Her desert forests swarm with men,
 Her cities, tow'rs, and columns rise,
 And dazzling temples meet the skies ;
 Her pines descending to the main

In triumph spread the watry plain,
 Ride inland lakes with fav'ring gales,
 And croud her ports with whit'ning sails,
 Till to the skirts of western day,
 The peopled regions own her sway."

Thus far M'Fingal told his tale,
 When thund'ring shouts his ears assail,
 And straight a tory that stood centry,
 Aghast rush'd headlong down the entry,
 And with wild outcry, like magician,
 Dispers'd the residue of vision :

For now the whigs intell'gence found
 Of tories must'ring under ground,
 And with rude bangs and loud uproar,
 'Gan thunder furious at the door.

The lights put out, each tory calls,
 To cover him, on cellar walls,
 Creeps in each box, or bin, or tub,
 To hide his head from wrath of mob,

Or lurks where cabbages in row

Adorn'd the side with verdant show,

M'Fingal deem'd it vain to stay,

And risk his bones in second fray ;

But chose a grand retreat from foes,

In lit'ral sense, beneath their nose.

The window then, which none else knew,

He softly open'd, and crept thro' ;

And crawling slow in deadly fear,

By movements wise, made good his rear ;

Then scorning all the fame of martyr,

For Boston took his swift departure ;

Nor dar'd look back on fatal spot,

More than the family of Lot.

Not North in more distress'd condition,

Outvoted first by opposition :

Nor good king George when that dire phantom

Of independence comes to haunt him,

Which hov'ring round by night and day,

Not all his conj'ers yet can lay.
 His friends assembled for his sake,
 He wisely left in pawn at stake,
 To tarring, feath'ring, kicks, and drubs,
 Of furious, disappointed mobs,
 And with their forfeit hides to pay,
 For him, their leader, crept away.
 So when wise Noah summon'd greeting,
 All animals to general meeting,
 From ev'ry side the members sent
 All kinds of beasts to represent;
 Each from the flood took care t' embark,
 And save his carcase in the ark:
 But as it fares in state and church,
 Left his constituents in the lurch.

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